

**HYMNS OF
THE TAMIL
ŚAIVITE SAINTS
THE HERITAGE OF INDIA SERIES**



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"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

No section of the population of India can afford to neglect her ancient heritage. In her literature, philosophy, art, and regulated life there is much that is worthless, much also that is distinctly unhealthy; yet the treasures of knowledge, wisdom, and beauty which they contain are too precious to be lost. Every citizen of India needs to use them, if he is to be a cultured modern Indian. This is as true of the Christian, the Muslim, the Zoroastrian as of the Hindu. But, while the heritage of India has been largely explored by scholars, and the results of their toil are laid out for us in their books, they cannot be said to be really available for the ordinary man. The volumes are in most cases expensive, and are often technical and difficult. Hence this series of cheap books has been planned by a group of Christian men, in order that every educated Indian, whether rich or poor, may be able to find his way into the treasures of India's past. Many Europeans, both in India and elsewhere, will doubtless be glad to use the series.

The utmost care is being taken by the General Editors in selecting writers, and in passing manuscripts for the press. To every book two tests are rigidly applied: everything must be scholarly, and everything must be sympathetic. The purpose is to bring the best out of the ancient treasures, so that it may be known, enjoyed, and used.

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ŚIVA NĀṬARĀJA

THE HERITAGE OF INDIA SERIES

HYMNS OF THE
TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

BY

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AUTHORS' NOTE

THIS book has gone through the Press under unusually difficult circumstances. During most of the time one of the authors has been in Mesopotamia, the other in India. Partly from this cause, and partly through practical difficulties of printing, there are a few minor inconsistencies in the application of the system of transliteration.

The authors would have wished, had it been possible, to alter the note on stanza 17 (p. 27), which is there treated as a case of intercession for others. Fuller comparison of this hymn with other similar ones in Tamil religious poetry convinces them that the "she" in the hymn is none other than the devotee, who compares himself to a love-sick women, as in stanza 19.

They would also like to acknowledge their indebtedness to Dr. Farquhar, General Editor of the Series, for much hard work done in the interests of this book; also to Mrs. Phillips, Mr. G. S. Duraiswamy, B.A., and the Rev. F. Goodwill, for valuable help given with proof-reading.

The Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore, which does not usually print Tamil, has been good enough for the sake of this book to undertake an unfamiliar task, which it has carried through with unwearied patience.

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NOTE.—The bronze statuettes of the poets reproduced in this volume are not historical portraits but imaginative figures, created in accordance with popular traditions and used in the worship of the temple and the home.

INTRODUCTION

(A)—The Hymns and their Significance

THE voice of chanting and song, to the accompaniment of unfamiliar instruments, floats out over the high wall of the temple in the coolness of the evening or the dawn, making the Western passer-by wonder what it is that is being chanted and sung. If only he had a Hindu hymn-book he thinks he could learn from it the spirit of Hinduism as well as a non-Christian could learn Christianity from Christian hymns. For the Tamil country at any rate there *is* such a hymn-book, and our present aim is to give enough specimens from it for readers to know what the hymns are like. Englishmen are wanting to understand India more than they ever wanted before, for their debt to India is heavy. Indians are wanting more than ever before to know the wonderful past of their own country, and the wonder of it is all bound up with its religion. At such a time these hymns are worth looking into, for they are being sung in temples and homes throughout the Tamil country, and Tamil is the mother-tongue of more than eighteen millions of people. For pious Śaivites they equal in authority the Sanskrit Vedas; the mere learning of them by rote is held to be a virtue, and devout Tamil parents compel their children to memorize them in much the same way as Christian parents make their children learn the Psalms.

The hymns here given are specimens from the *Dēvāram* and the *Tiruvāchakam*. The *Dēvāram* is the first of the collections of works held as canonical by Tamil Saivites. Its hymns were composed between six and eight hundred A.D. by the three authors of whom this book gives some account, and the whole was put together in one collection of 797 stanzas by Nambi Āṇḍār Nambi about 1000 A.D. The *Tiruvāchakam*, or Sacred Utterance, was written by one author, Māṇikya Vāchaka (Tamilized as Māṇikka Vāsahar) at a date so far unsettled that scholars are still divided on the question whether it preceded or followed the *Dēvāram*, though most scholars place it in the ninth, or early in the tenth, century. Whenever it was written, it stands even higher than the *Dēvāram* in the affections of Tamil people.

Out of an immense number of hymns we have tried to select those which are most representative, those which are favourites, and those which contain the most striking thoughts. But it is amazingly difficult to give a fair or adequate idea of them in an English rendering. They are essentially songs, intended to be sung to Indian tunes, in metres which no English metre can represent. Much of their charm depends upon assonance, upon plays upon words, upon close knitting of word with word, upon intricacy of metre and rhyme, almost as much as upon the substance. We can only claim a fair degree of accuracy in our renderings, apologizing to the lovers of Tamil poetry for the plainness and poverty of our representation of so rich and varied an original. All our translations are new, and nearly all of those from the *Dēvāram* represent verses which have never before been done

into English. One of the translators of this book learned as a Śaivite child to love these hymns, and therefore is the authority in matters of interpretation, the Englishman being responsible for the form. We shall be quite satisfied if our translations serve to call attention to the poems, and are some day replaced by worthier renderings.

We have tried to reduce introductory matter to a minimum, only giving such information as is necessary to enable readers to understand the hymns and the allusions in them. But it is entirely necessary to say something about the worship of Śiva, and to give a few words of biography of each of the four authors from whose work this book contains extracts.

(B)—The Worship of Śiva

1. *Its history previous to these poems.*

The word Śiva occurs even in the R̥g Veda, but there it is only in conjunction with Rudra. The joining together of these names provokes conjectures as to whether we have here an amalgamation of two earlier deities, an Aryan and a Dravidian, but these need not detain us here, since clearly even at this early date Śiva was an Aryan deity, identical with Rudra the storm-god, and father of the Maruts, storm-gods themselves. Rudra is a handsome god; he uses his thunderbolts chiefly for punishing evil-doers, and is on the whole a kindly being. The name Śiva means 'auspicious,' and must not be confused with the Tamil word for 'red,' although as it happens Rudra-Śiva was a red being.

4 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

In the period of the Purāṇas, we find that Śiva, instead of being one of a multitude of nature-deities, has risen to be one of the great triad, Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Śiva, who are far above all gods. How the change has come about we have not yet the means of discovering. The function has changed as much as the person, Śiva being now the destroyer as Brahmā is the creator and Viṣṇu the preserver. The process of reduction in the number of the superior deities goes further, and Brahmā falls practically into the background, leaving only Viṣṇu and Śiva as supreme beings for the worship of the people of India. By the time Hinduism penetrated southwards into the Tamil country, probably somewhere about 500 a.c., it had two main forms, the worship of Viṣṇu and the worship of Śiva, the two being not too sharply disconnected. The Tamil Hindu believed in the existence of both, but held his own god, whether Śiva or Viṣṇu, to be supreme. Hinduism seemed to be firmly established, but was dangerously shaken when the Jains and Buddhists spread over South India. Then came for the Vaishṇavites the teachers known as the Ājvārs, while Śaivism was defended by the poets of whose work this book gives specimens. Hinduism was saved, but it existed henceforth in two distinct forms, Vaishṇavism and Śaivism, separated by a wider gulf than in earlier days.

2. The portrait of Śiva and its interpretation.

Śiva as imagined by his worshippers has a human form, usually with one but occasionally with five or six heads. He has three eyes, the right one being really the sun, the left eye the moon, and the one in the middle of his forehead fire. His reddish hair is

matted in the ascetic way, and on it is the crescent moon, the Ganges, and one or more cobras, while wreathed about it is a garland of *konḍai* (*Cassia*) flowers. He has four arms, though occasional representations show eight, but one body and two legs. Commonly he is seated on a grey-coloured bull. In colour he is reddish, but his body is smeared over with white sacred ash. He holds in his hands various things such as a battle-axe, a deer, fire, a trident, a bow. Round his neck, which is dark, hangs a long necklace, the beads of which are skulls. At his waist he wears sometimes an elephant's hide, sometimes a tiger-skin, sometimes only a very scanty loin-cloth. Generally his consort, *Umā*, is at his left side, but sometimes he is pictured as half man and half woman, the right half (*Śiva*) being pink-coloured, and the left half (*Umā*) green or black. *Śiva's* abode is said to be on Mount *Kailāsa* in the *Himālayas*, but among his special haunts is the burning-ground, where bodies are cremated. One of the favourite manifestations of *Śiva* is that as *Naṭarāja*, the dancer in the great hall at *Chidambaram*, of which we give a picture (see frontispiece). Here *Śiva* has one face, four arms, and two legs, performing a spirited dance. His right foot rests on a demon named *Muyalahan*. He is sometimes represented as dancing along with *Kālī*, not the *Kālī* who in North India is identified with *Umā*, but a she-devil feared in the South.

Doubtless each of these features in the manifestation of *Śiva* has its history, but that is unknown at present. The legends give fanciful explanations of most of them. The tiger's skin and the elephant's hide, for instance, are those which *Śiva* stripped from the wild animals sent against him by the magic of his

enemies the *ṛishis* of Darukāvana. But it is of more interest to find the religious ideas which these things suggest to a thoughtful Śaivite devotee to-day. The hides remind him that Śiva has all power, and all opposition to him is vain. That right foot of Naṭarāja set on Muyalaban means that God crushes down all evil. Those skulls in his necklace are the skulls of successive Brahmās, each of whom died after a life lasting many ages. This is a way of saying that while other gods at last come to their end, Śiva is eternal and unchanging. Śiva's dance suggests how easily, and how rhythmically, he performs his five functions of making, preserving, destroying, judging and purifying. And his dance in the burning-ground may sometimes carry the message that God becomes most real to men in the solemn hour when they part from their dead.

3. *Four common legends and their meaning.*

Of the many legends concerning Śiva four are so frequently alluded to in our poems that they should be told here, to avoid repeated explanatory notes.

1. Brahmā and Viṣṇu once saw a pillar of fire that seemed to grow from the depths of the earth and to pierce beyond the highest heavens. They longed to learn its depth and height, and agreed that Brahmā should become a swan to fly to the pillar's top, and Viṣṇu a boar to dig to its root. The swan flew up to the sky, but never reached the pillar's summit. The boar dug through the earth with his tusk, but never found where the pillar began. Brahmā and Viṣṇu perforce acknowledged their limitations and prayed to the pillar, whereupon Śiva revealed himself, for the pillar was a form he had assumed. Not even the greatest and

wisest of creatures can by their searching find out God. But to the humble-hearted He reveals Himself.

2. Rāvaṇa, the ten-headed giant king of Ceylon, while on his conquering progress through many realms, came to the North of India and saw Kailāsa the silver mountain. Coveting its beauty he determined to uproot and transplant it to his own island. With his ten heads and twenty arms he tried to lift it from the earth, and Kailāsa shook. All the hosts of heaven, and even Umā, were terrified by what seemed to them an awful earthquake. But Śiva simply set his big toe upon the mountain, and lo, Rāvaṇa found himself being crushed to death. Repenting of his folly, Rāvaṇa prayed for mercy, and Śiva not only forgave him but even gave him fresh boons. For God pardons sinners who repent, and gives them blessings which before they did not know.

3. Three Asuras, or supernatural beings, once by doing penance obtained from Śiva three castles, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. These castles could fly at the owners' desire, and settle down on towns and villages, destroying many lives. In course of time the Asuras became very proud and ignored Śiva. Determining to punish them, Śiva mounted a chariot whose wheels were the sun and moon and whose seat was the earth. Brahmā was his charioteer, the four Vedas the horses, Mount Meru his bow, the ancient serpent Ādiśeṣha his bow-string, and Viṣṇu his arrow. At sight of these preparations the gods became conceited, thinking that Śiva could not destroy his enemies without them. Śiva knowing their thoughts simply laughed, and at that laugh the three castles were on the instant reduced to ashes.

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Those who forget God in their pride must be punished. When those whom God uses as his instruments begin to think themselves indispensable to him, he shews that his purposes can be fulfilled without them.

4. The gods once began to churn the ocean in the hope of obtaining divine nectar. The mountain Mandāra was their churning-stick, the primeval tortoise the pivot on which the stick rested and turned, and the serpent Vāsuki was the churning-rope. As they churned, at first great and splendid things came up. But suddenly something black rose up and darkened the whole universe. It was a mass of poison, deadly alike to gods and men. In terror of destruction, the gods and demons called on Śiva. He came, drank the poison, and saved them all. That which was enough to destroy the universe could only stain his throat with a bluish colour. That is why Śiva is often called the "poison-necked" or "blue-throated" god. There is a link here, small but real, with the Christian teaching of God as ready to suffer for the sake of humbler beings.





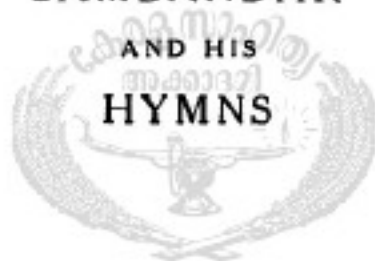
(By permission of the Director, Colombo Museum)

SAMBANDAR

SAMBANDAR

AND HIS

HYMNS



SAMBANDAR

(Tamil: TIRU JÑĀNA SAMBANDAMŪRTI SWĀMI)

IN the first half of the seventh century A.D. the worship of Śiva was at its lowest ebb, overpowered by the Jainism and Buddhism which prevailed throughout the Tamil country. But a few pious Śaivites remained faithful. One of them, whose name means that his heart was laid at Śiva's foot, and who lived in the town in the Tanjore District now known as Shiyāli, prayed to the Śiva worshipped in the Shiyāli temple that he might be given a son who would dispel the godless dark and win men to Lord Śiva again. Sambandar's birth was the answer to that prayer. At the tender age of three, so orthodox Śaivites believe, this child was fed by Śiva's spouse with milk from her divine breast, mingled with divine wisdom, whence he is called in his full name, "The man connected with wisdom divine," Tiru Jñāna Sambandar.

He grew up to be a pilgrim poet, who visited most of the Śaivite shrines with which South India abounds, in each place singing the praise of the Śiva whom there he worshipped. The cause he loved suffered a severe blow when the great king of Madura, with many of his subjects, went over to the Jain religion. The queen-consort and her prime minister (see stanzas 20 and 21) remained faithful to Śaivism, and sent for Sambandar.

The lonely saint faced a vast multitude of Jains in the royal presence, conquered them in argument, and reconverted the king. Eight thousand of the stubborn Jains, with Sambandar's consent, were impaled alive. Later on, after a similar adventure in another of the three great kingdoms of the Tamil country of his time, Sambandar converted to Śaivism a crowd of Buddhist opponents.

This is about all that is known of a man who helped to sing Buddhism right out of Southern India, and who composed the collection of hymns which stands first among the canonical works of Śaivites. Legends make him a wonder-worker, but we must draw our knowledge of the man from his poems themselves. He certainly was skilful in the handling of the many metres in which Tamil poetry is written, and it is not impossible that his productions were as effortless as the stories of him tell. That is their weakness, for there is not very much of heart religion in them. But they seem to have powerfully helped in that process of eliminating Jainism and Buddhism from India of which we know so little, though it was complete enough to be one of the marvels of history. Their author holds the foremost place among the four great 'Śaivite Preceptors' (Śivāchāryar), and some call him the incarnation of one of the sons of Śiva.

His date seems to be one of the few clearly established dates in the history of the religion of the country. Stanza 19 shews that he was a contemporary of another great early Śaivite, whose name means "Little Servant of God," and who is known to have fought in a battle which took place in 642 A.D.

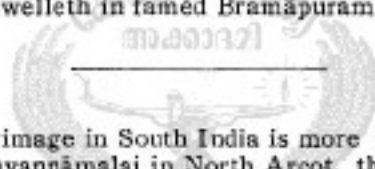
1. தோடுடையசெவியன் விடையேறியேசர் தூவெண்
 மதிருடிக்
 கரடுடையசுடலைப்பொடிபூசியென் னுள்ளக்கவர்
 கள்வ
 னேடுடையமலரான்முனநரள்பணிந்தேத்தவருள்
 செய்த
 டீடுடையபிரமரபுரமேவியபெம்மாளிவனன்றே,



2. உண்ணமுழையுடையரளொடுமுடனாகியவொருவன்
 பெண்ணாகியபெருமான்மலைதிருமாமணிதிகழ
 மண்ணார்ந்தனயருவித்திரண்மழலைம்முழுவதிரு
 மண்ணுமலைதொழுவார்வினைவழுவாவண்ண
 மறுமே,

We begin with the first verse which the author composed. According to the legends he uttered it at the age of three, on the banks of the temple tank at Shiyāli (once Bramāpuram), after Śiva's consort had fed him with milk from her own breast. The stanza itself of course contains no allusion to the story, but it is one of the best known verses in the Śaivite hymn-book.

1. His ears are beringed, He rideth the bull ;
 His head is adorned with the crescent moon's ray ;
 White is He with ash from the burning-ground swept ;
 And He is the thief who my heart steals away.
 Great Brahmā enthroned on the lotus' full bloom
 Erstwhile bowed him down and His glory extolled,
 And singing received he the grace of our lord
 Who dwelleth in famed Bramāpuram old.



No pilgrimage in South India is more popular than that to Tiruvannāmalai in North Arcot, the temple by a hill celebrated in many poems. Śaivism has tried to express the existence of the 'eternal feminine' in deity by giving Śiva a lady who not only is His consort, but is actually a part of Him, and is so represented in many images, which show Śiva as masculine on one side and feminine on the other.

2. He is our only Lord, conjoined still
 To her whose breast no sucking lips have known.
 They who in Annāmalai's holy hill,
 Where falling waters noisy chatter down,
 And the hill glistens gem-like, bow before
 Our great one who is lord and lady too,
 Unfailingly for them shall be no more
 Dread fruit of good and bad deeds they may do.

3. பறையும்பழிபாவம்படுதுயரம்பலதீரும்
பிறையும்புனலாவும்படுசடையெம்பெருமானு
ரறையும்புனல்வருகாவிரியலைசர்வடகரைமேல்
கிறையும்புனைமடவார்பயில்தெய்த்தானமெனீரே.



One of the first puzzles to a student of Śaivism is the way in which each of the numerous shrines seems to be spoken of as if it were Śiva's exclusive abode. The broad river marked on English maps as the Cauvery, but in Tamil called the Kāviri, which brings so much blessing to a large part of South India that the respect in which it is held is not difficult to understand, is fringed throughout its length with shrines which are believed to confer the blessings of Śiva on all who visit them. One of these is 'Neyttānam,' 'Place of Ghee.'

3. So ye but say Neyttānam is the home
 Of our great Lord who wears in His long hair
 The crescent moon, the river, and the snake,
 Neyttānam where chaste maidens gather fair,
 On the north bank of Kāviri's loud stream,
 Your vileness, guiltiness, the sin you dread,
 Your sorrows many, shall be banished.

This specimen of a hymn connected with Palay in the Madura District alludes (in stanza 5) to the well-known legend which says in the Śaivite way that those who love God need not fear death. Mārkaṇḍeya was a boy devoted to Śiva, but over his life hung a terrible cloud, for the fates had decreed that he would not live beyond his sixteenth year. As the appointed time drew near his father lived in an agony of dread, but Mārkaṇḍeya, free from fear, spent all his time in the worship of Śiva. The god of Death came at last. Regardless of the fact that the boy was at worship he threw over him that noose which pulls out human life from the body. The boy clung to Śiva's lingam with both his hands. From within the lingam Śiva burst forth, kicked the terrible death-god and pierced him with his trident. So Mārkaṇḍeya was saved. The scene is sculptured on many temples.

16 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

4. வேதமோதிவெண்ணூல்பூண்டுவெள்ளையெரு
தேறிப்
பூதஞ்சூழப்பொலியவருவார்புலியினூரிதேரலார்
நாதாவெனவுநக்காவெனவுநம்பாவெனநின்ற
பாதந்தொழுவார்பாவந்தீர்ப்பார்பழனநகராரே.
5. கண்மேற்கண்ணஞ்சடைமேற்பிறையமுடையா
ர்காலனைப்
புண்ணாறுதிரமெதிராரோடப்பொன்றப்புறந்
தானா
வெண்ணாறுதைத்தவெந்தைபெருமானிமவான்
மகனோடும்
பண்ணூர்கனிவண்டைநபூஞ்சோலைப்பழனநக
ராரே.
6. சுற்றுக்கெரியோம்பிக்களியைவாராமே
செற்றார்வாழ்தில்லைச்சிற்பறம்பனமேய
முற்றுவெண்டிங்கண்முதல்வன் பாதமே
பற்றுகின்றாரைப்பற்றுவாவமே.

4. Holy Vedas chanting,
 Sacred thread He wears ;
 All His hosts surround Him
 Whom the white bull bears.
 Cometh He in splendour,
 Tiger-skin attired.
 ' Lord, our naked beggar
 Above all desired,
 Cry ye in your worship,
 At His feet appeal.
 He who dwells in Palay
 All your sin will heal.
5. Three eyes hath His forehead,
 Fair moon crowns His hair ;
 When Death sought a victim,
 Śiva's foot crashed there ;
 Gory streams of blood flowed,
 Death it was that died,
 Such is He, our Father,
 Umā at His side ;
 Dwells He aye in Palay,
 Where bees hum around
 Drunk with honeyed sweetness,
 Till its groves resound.

A multitude of hymns chant the glory of Chidambaram, ancient Tillai, holiest of all the Śaivite shrines. Pious Śaivites have for it a feeling not unlike the Jews' feeling for Jerusalem. The tending of the sacrificial fire comes down from pre-historic times, being firmly established when the earliest hymns of the R̥g Veda were composed.

6. Tending as taught of old the sacrificial fire,
 At Tillai Brahmans pure drive out misfortune dire.
 There dwells the First of all, moon-crowned, and
 those who cleave
 For ever to His foot, no cleaving sin will grieve.

7. மறையாணை மாசிலா ப்புன்சடை மல்குவென்
 பிறையாணைப் பெண்ணொடாணுகியபெம்மாணை
 பிறையாணை யேர்கொள்கத்தித்திருவேகம்பத்
 துறையாணையல்லதுள் காடுதென துள்ளமே.



8. கன்றுடையாணை தீயதில்லாணை நரைவெள்ளே
 றொன்றுடையாணையுமையொருபாகமுடையாணைச்
 சென்றுடையாத திருவுடையாணைச் சிராப்பள்ளிக்
 குன்றுடையாணைக்கூறவென்னுள்ளக்குளிரும்மே.
9. குற்றநீருணக்கணீகூடலாலவாயிலாய்
 சுற்றநீபிராணுரிதொடர்நிலங்குசோதிநீ
 சுற்றநூற்கருக்கூரியருத்தயின்பமென்றிவை
 முற்றநீபுகழ்ந்துமுன் னுரைப்பதென்முகம்மனே.

Conjeeveram, the ancient Tamil name of which is given in this stanza, though more famous as a Vaishnavite than as a Śaivite shrine, offers in its temples a remarkable compendium of the religious history of South India. See the article 'Kāñchipuram' in Dr. Hastings' 'Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics.'

7. He is the pith of holy writ ;
 And in the tangle of His hair
 The spotless crescent's ray is lit ;
 He is both Lord and Lady fair.
 He our great sovereign doth abide
 In Kachchi Ehambam's fair town.
 My mind can think of naught beside,
 Naught beside Him, and Him alone.

The next two stanzas, taken from two separate hymns associated with the great cities of Trichinopoly and Madura, both sacred places of Śaivism, are set side by side in order to bring out a point which even the most sympathetic student may not ignore. Śiva is commonly spoken of as all good, as in stanza 8, and yet not infrequently He includes, as in stanza 9, both good and its opposite. The pantheistic tendency even in these hymns causes God to be sometimes depicted as so all-embracing as to include evil as well as good.

8. All goodness hath He and no shadow of ill.
 Grey-white is His bull, fair Umā shares His form.
 His wealth is past searching. Chirāpaḷḷi's hill
 Is His, whom to praise keeps my heart ever warm.
9. Thou art right and Thou art wrong,
 Lord of holy Ālavāy ;
 Kinsman, I to Thee belong ;
 Never fades Thy light away.
 Thou the sense of books divine,
 Thou my wealth, my bliss art Thou,
 Thou my all, and in Thy shrine
 With what praises can I bow ?

10. ஆதியாயநான்முதலுமாலுமறிவரிய
 சோதியானே நீதியில்லேன் சொல்லுவதுன்
 திறமே
 ஓதிகாளுமுன்னையேத்துமென்னைவினையவலம்
 வாதியாமே வந்துநல்காய் வலிகலமேபவனே.



No one can know Śiva unless He chooses to reveal Himself. This thought constantly recurs with great emphasis. Its favourite expression is in the first legend of the four told in our introduction. Hymn singers are fond of contrasting with the vain search of Brahmā and Viṣṇu the revelation of Himself which Śiva has graciously granted to them. Compare stanzas 25 and 48.

10. Thou Light whom Brahmā, being's fount, and
Viṣṇu could not see,
No righteousness have I, I only speak in praise of
Thee.
Come, Valivalam's Lord, let no dark fruit of deeds,
I pray,
Torment Thy slave who with his song extols Thee
day by day.

Astrology plays a large part in popular Hinduism, and the influence of baleful or auspicious stars must be reckoned with in daily life. Most baleful of all is the influence of the eclipse, which is caused by two dragons Rāhu and Kētu which swallow the moon or the sun. This stanza enumerates the nine planets, Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Rāhu and Kētu, and says that to the singer, who has Śiva in his heart, all of them, even the dragons of eclipse, are auspicious. It is a powerful and characteristically Hindu way of saying that all things work together for good to those who love God.

The reference to the bamboo constantly recurs in descriptions of ladies' beauty. Everyone who has seen a feathery clump of bamboo trees waving in the breeze will understand it as a symbol of delicate grace.

The vina is the most delicate and beautiful instrument played in South India.

22 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

11. வேயுறுதோளிபக்கன் விடமுண்டகண்டன் மிக
நல்லவினை தடவி
மாசறுதிங்கன் கங்கைமுடிமேலணிந்தெனுள
மேபுருந்தவதனு
னாறுதிங்கன் செவ்வாப்புதன் னியாழம்வெள்ளி
சனிபாம்பிரண்டுமுடனே
பாசறுநல்லநல்லவவைநல்லநல்லவடிபாசவர்க்கு
மிகவே.



12. மந்திரமாவதூற்று வானவர்மேலதூற்று
கந்தாமாவதூற்று தூதிகப்படுவதூற்று
தந்திரமாவதூற்று சமயத்தினுள்ளதூற்று
செந்துவர்வாயுமைபங்கள் நிருவாலவாபான்
நிருநீதே.

11. She shares His form, whose shoulders' curve vies
 with the bamboo's grace.
 His throat the poison drank, He touched the vīṇa
 into tune.
 The lustrous moon and Ganges crown His hair, and
 He a place
 Hath made Himself within my heart. Where-
 fore let shine the moon
 Or sun or any star of good or ill, or serpents twain.
 For Śiva's slave all are benign, all work for him
 great gain.
-

White ash from burnt cow-dung must be worn by all true Śaivites. Every day the worshipper, facing north-east and crying 'Śiva, Śiva,' must dip in the ash the fingers of his right hand and draw the three middle fingers from left to right along his forehead, so leaving three horizontal white lines. The ceremonial side of Saivism is so prominent that this one stanza must be given, a specimen of many extolling the virtues and potencies of the ash.

The Tantras are works inculcating ceremonies, also magic performances and mystic rites. Some of these are of an immoral nature.

12. The sacred ash has mystic power,
 'Tis worn by dwellers in the sky.
 The ash bestows true loveliness.
 Praise of the ash ascends on high.
 The ash shows what the Tantras mean,
 And true religion's essence tells,
 The ash of Him of Ālavāy,
 In whom red-lippèd Umā dwells.

13. காதலாங்கிகசின்துகண்ணீர்மல்கி
யோதுவார்தமைகன்னெறிக்குய்ப்பது
வேதநான் கினுமெய்ப்பொருளாவது
நாதனும் நமச்சுவாயவே.



14. சித்தந்தெனியீர்கா, னத்தனானுரைப்
பத்திமலர் தூவ, முத்தியாகுமே.
15. சிறையறுப்பீர்கா, னறவனானுரை
மறவாதேத்துமின், றறையாகுமே.
16. துன்பத்துடைப்பீர்கா, னன்பனணியாரூர்
கன்பான்மலர் தூவ, விற்பமாகுமே.

Equally important with the wearing of the sacred ash is the constant repetition of the five syllables, or panchākshara, 'Namasivāya.' This, which means literally 'a bow to Śiva,' is the chief mantra or mystic utterance of Śaivism. In Śaivite catechisms a whole chapter is devoted to its uses.

13. Those who repeat it while love's tears outpour,
 It gives them life, and guides them in the way.
 'Tis the true substance of the Vedas four,
 The Lord's great name, wherefore 'Hail Śiva,'
 say.

The next three stanzas are from a hymn written in a very attractive short-lined metre, and promise light, freedom from rebirth, and bliss, through devotion to Śiva at Ārūr (now Tiruvallūr in the Tanjore District).

14. For the Father in Ārūr
 Sprinkle ye the blooms of love;
 In your heart will dawn true light,
 Every bondage will remove.
15. Him the holy in Ārūr
 Ne'er forget to laud and praise;
 Bonds of birth will severed be,
 Left behind all worldly ways.
16. In Ārūr, our loved one's gem,
 Scatter golden blossoms fair.
 Sorrow ye shall wipe away,
 Yours be bliss beyond compare.

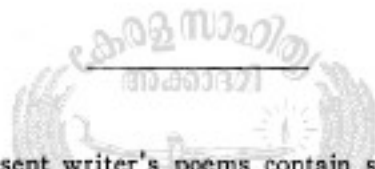
17. சடையாயெனுமால்சரணீயெனுமால்
விடையாயெனுமால்வெருவாவிழமால்
மடையார்சுவனைம்மலரும்மருக
னுடையாய்தருமோவிவருண்மெளியே.



18. புத்தரோடுபொறியில்சமணும்புறங்குறநெறியில்லா
வொத்தசொல்லவுலகம்பளிதேர்ந்தெனதுள்ள
கவர்கள்வன்
மத்தயானைமறுகவ்வுரிபோர்த்ததேதார்மாயம்மி
துவென்னப்
சித்தர்போனும்பிரமாபுரமேவியபெம்மானிவ
னன்றே.

Associated with the hymn from which our next verse is taken is a story of the author, Sambandar, helping a sorrowing woman by raising to life the man she loved, who had been killed by snake-bite. The hymn makes no allusion to such a miracle, but it does give an example of intercession on behalf of another, an element which is somewhat rare in these devotional books.

17. Prostrate with fear at Thy feet she cries 'Lord with matted hair, my Refuge, Rider of the bull! Lord of Maruhal where fresh water-lilies bloom, is it right to leave her in this anguish of heart ?



Our present writer's poems contain such frequent denunciations of Buddhism or Jainism that it is clear that they were written at a time when the struggle between Hinduism and these other religions was at its height. Buddhism and Jainism are scarcely known in South India to-day, though at one time they were supreme. It is probable that these songs helped not a little to drive them out of the country.

18. Those Buddhists and mad Jains may slander speak.
Such speech befits the wand'ers from the way.
But He who came to earth and begged for alms,
He is the thief who stole my heart away.
The raging elephant charged down at Him ;
O marvel ! He but took and wore its hide ;
Madman men think Him, but He is the Lord
Who in great Bramāpuram doth abide.

19. பைக்கோட்டுமலர்ப்புண்ணைப்பறவைகாள்பய
 ப்ரூசர்
 சக்காட்டந்தவிர்த்தெண்ணைத்தவிரரோய்
 தத்தானே
 செக்காட்டங்குடிமேயசிறுத்தொண்டன்பணி
 செய்ய
 வெக்காட்டுளனலேத்திவினையாடும்பெருமானே.

The " Little Servant of God " mentioned in the next verse is one of the 63 canonized saints of Śaivism. According to the collection of legends known as the Periya Purānam, which is a Tamil Śaivite classic, he fought at the battle of Vādāpi, the modern Badāmi, which took place in 642 A.D. There are other indications which strengthen the view that these hymns date from the seventh century A.D.

In the first three lines of the verse Śiva is conceived as a lover, and the devotee as the woman whom He loves. In India the pain of absence from a lover is supposed to cause spots to appear on the skin of the woman who loves.

19. Birds in the flowering green-branched puppai tree,
 Love writeth clear its marks on me, for He
 Who cured my grief, yet left unending pain.
 Senkāṭṭankuḍi is His holy fane,
 And there His " Little Servant " dwells, who now
 And ever doth before Lord Śiva bow.
 There in the burning-ground, with fire in hand,
 Sporteth unceasingly our Master grand.

Another possible indication of date occurs in the next two verses, given in English prose because the Tamil names will not fit into English metres. The Mangaiyarkkarasi here mentioned was the wife of a king of Madura, Kūn Pāṇḍiyan, known to history. According to the above-mentioned collection of stories, this king became a Jain. Then the queen and the prime minister named in our poem sent for Sambandar, our author, through whose efforts the king was reconverted, and all Jain teachers were executed by impaling. Unfortunately the date of Kūn Pāṇḍiyan cannot at present be accurately determined. An able discussion of it can be seen in " The Tamilian Antiquary, No. 3."

20. மங்கையர்க்கரசிவளவர்கோன்பாவவரிவளைக்
 கைமடமானி
 பங்கயச்செல்விபாண்டி.மாதேவிபணிசெய்துநா
 டொறும்பாவப்
 பொங்கழலுருவன்பூதநாயகனூல்வேதமும்பொ
 ருள்களுமருளி
 பங்கயற்கண்ணிதன்னொடுமமர்ந்தவாலவாயா
 வதுமிதுவே.



21. வெற்றவேயடியாடியமிசைனிமும்விருப்பினன்
 வெள்ளைநீறணியுள்
 கொற்றவன்றனக்குமந்நிரியாயருலச்சிறைருலாவி
 ின்றேத்து
 மொற்றைவெள்ளிடையனும்பாராதலைவனுலகினி
 சிபற்கைகடைஒழிந்திட்
 டற்றவர்க்கற்றசிவனுறைகின்றவாலவாயாவது
 மிதுவே.

The explanation of the term 'Fish-eyed maid,' which sounds curiously in English ears, is that in Madura Siva's consort is called Minākshi, *i.e.* fish-eyed. The suggestion of the epithet, frequently applied to beautiful women, is that the motion of their eyes resembles the beautiful motion of a fish in water.

20. This is Ālavāy, where dwells the flame-formed lord of hosts, giver of the four Vedas and their meaning, with the fair fish-eyed maid. Here, reigning like the goddess of good fortune, Mangaiyarkkarasi the Chōḷa king's daughter, brace-letted chaste Pāndiyan queen, daily serves and praises God.

The poem from which 20 and 21 are taken consists of stanzas like these alternately praising the queen and the king's minister, the last verse praising them both together.

21. This is Ālavāy, Śiva's abode. To those who forsake the world He reveals Himself as world-forsaking too. Head of the heavenly ones, He rides the one white bull. Praised is He by Kulachchirai, minister of that monarch who wears white ash, and loves to lay himself bare at the feet of Śiva's slaves.

Once, says a story, when Sambandar was about to contend with the Jains, the queen feared the consequences which might befall him, but he assured her in this verse that he could dare all when his God of Madura was on his side.

32 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

22. மானினேர்விழிமாதராய்வழுதிக்குமாபெருந்
தேவிகேள்
பானல்வாயொருபாலனீக் கிவனென் றுநீபரிவெய்
திடே
லானைமாமலையா தியாயவிடவ்களிற் பலவல்லல்சே
ரீனர்கட்கெளியேனலேன் றிருவாலவாயரனிற்சுவே.

23. செய்யனே திருவாலவாய்மேல்வ
வையனையஞ்சலென்றருள்செய்யெனைப்
பெய்யபராமணர்கொளுவுஞ்சுடர்
பையவேசென் றுபாண்டியற்காகவே.

24. வாழ்க வந்தணர் வானவ ரானினம்
விழ்க நண்புனல் வேந்தனு மோங்குக
ஆழ்க நீயதெல் ளாமர னுமமே
சூழ்க வையக முந்நாயர் தீர்கவே.

22. O fair one with the deer's glance meek,
 Pāṇḍya's great queen, think not of me
 As of some sucking infant weak,
 Because such wicked foes there be.
 If only Hara by me stand,
 Stronger am I than all their band.
-

The story here is that the Jains had set fire to Sambandar's house. He prayed in this stanza that the fire, transformed into a fever, might go to the Pāṇḍyan king, then a Jain. It did so, and the king was converted.

23. O Thou whose form is fiery red,
 In holy Ālavāy, our Sire,
 In grace deliver me from dread.
 False Jains have lit for me a fire :
 O, let it to the Pāṇḍyan ruler go,
 That he the torture of slow flame may know.
-

Our specimens of Sambandar's poetry may end with a verse which is a kind of benediction, often set as an auspicious word on the front page of a book.

24. Blest be the Brāhman pure, the heavenly ones,
 and kine.
 Cool rain fall on the earth ! May the king's glory
 shine !
 Perish all forms of ill ! Let Hara's name resound !
 May sorrow pass away, from earth's remotest
 bound.



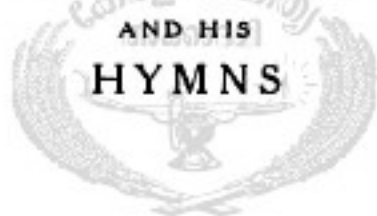




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APPARSWAMI

APPARSWAMI
AND HIS
HYMNS



II.

TIRUNĀVUKKARASU SWĀMI

(More commonly referred to as APPARSWĀMI)

SAMBANDAR, whose works we have been studying, had a friend older than himself, named Appar, or Tirunāvukkarasu, belonging to that Veļļā caste which to this day makes a very solid element in the population of the Tamil country. Left an orphan at an early age, Appar was brought up by a loving elder sister as a pious devotee of Śiva. Great was the sister's grief when Appar forsook the faith of his fathers and became a religious teacher among the Jains. But her earnest prayers at last prevailed, and Appar not only came back to Śaivism himself, but was the means of reconverting to Śaivism the king of his country. His full name was Tirunāvukkarasu, or 'King of the Tongue', but his young friend Sambandar called him Appar, or Father, and the name stuck to him. He too wandered throughout the Tamil country, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Sambandar, singing his way from shrine to shrine. Pictures show him holding in his hand a little tool for scraping grass, with which he used to scrape the stones of the temple courts. The Jains persecuted him, and many stories tell of his miraculous escapes from their hands.

His hymns show a truly religious nature, with a deep-rooted sense of sin and need, and an exalted joy in God. There is real critical acumen in the old epigram which represents Śiva as appraising the three great writers of the Dēvāram, or Śaivite hymn-book :—
“Sambandar praised himself; Sundarar praised Me for pelf; My Appar praised Me Myself.”



25. திருவினாள் கொழுநாருந் திசைமுநமுடையக
கோவும்
இருவருமெழுந் தும்வீழ்ந் துமினை யடி கரணமா
ட்டார்
ஒருவனெயெம்பிரானேயுந் திருப்பாதங்காண்பான்
அருவனெயருளவேண்மெதிகைவிரட்டனாரே.



26. கடவுந்திசிரிகடவாதொழியக்கயிலையுற்றான்
படவுந்திருவிரரொன் றுவைத தாய்பனிமால்
வரைபோல்
இடயம்பொறித்தென்னையென்றுகொள்ளா
யிருஞ்சொலிதங்கள்
தடவுங்கடந்தையுட்டுங்காணமடத்தெந்தத்
துவனே.

God, the essentially unsearchable, in His grace will reveal Himself to men. (See the first of the legends told in the Introduction.) Athihai Virattānam, in the South Arcot District, is the shrine here commemorated.

25. Vishṇu, spouse of Lakshmi, and four-ways-facing
 Brahm,
 Searched the heights and depths, but Thy feet
 could never see.
 Yet, O only Lord, who in Athihai dost dwell,
 Formless, in Thy grace, grant the sight of them
 to me.

The notable thing about our next verse is not so much the legend of the crushing of Rāvaṇa, who tried to storm the mountain Kailāsa, where Śiva had His heaven, but rather the thought of the devotee being stamped as the property of his god, a thought which recurs in other hymns. According to tradition Appar-swāmi did receive the Hindu equivalent of St. Francis' stigmata, the mark of Śiva's bull as if branded on his body. We cannot help recalling St. Paul's expression in Galatians vi. 17.

26. All other worlds his sceptre swayed,
 But when Kailāsa he would rule
 Thy crushing foot presumption paid.
 O stamp me with Thy sacred bull,
 White as Himāl'ya's snowy hill.
 Accept me, O our truth divine,
 There where the moon outsoareth still
 Groves of Tūṅgānaimāḍam's shrine.

27. வடிவேறு திரிசூலக் தேரன் றந்தேரன் றும்
 வளர்சடைமேலினமதியக் தேரன் றந்தேரன் றுங்
 கடிபேறுகமழ் கொன்றைக்கண்ணி தேரன் றுங்
 காதிலவெண்குழைதோடுகலந்துதேரன் றும்
 இடியேறுகளிற்றுரிவைப் பேர்வைதேரன் றும்
 எழிறிகழுந்திருமுடியுமிலங்கித்தேரன் றும்
 பொடியேறுதிருமேனி பொலிந்துதேரன் றும்
 பொழிறிகழும் பூவணத்தெம் புனிதனூர்க்கே.



28. ஒருவனாயுலகேத்த வின்றநாளோ
 வோருருவேமுவுருவமானநாளோ
 கருவனாய்க்காமனைமுன் காய்ந்தநாளோ
 காமனையுக்கண்ணமுலால்விழித்தநாளோ
 மருவனாய் மண்ணும்விண்ணுந்தெரித்தநாளோ
 மான்மறிக்கையேந்தியோர் மாதோர்பாகர்
 திருவினாற் சேர்வதற்கு முன்னோடுகின்றோ
 திருவானூர்க்கோயிலாக்கொண்டநாளோ.

Here is the divine vision as the enraptured Śaivite sees it.

27. See, there His bright trident appears to me ;
 See, there is the moon in His tangled hair ;
 His garland of flowers from the kondai tree,
 And the ear-ring white in His either ear,
 The cloak that He tore from the elephant wild,
 His glittering crown and His body's sheen.
 Ash-smear'd, He is ever the undefiled,
 In Pūvaṇam circled by groves all green.

The singer, standing at the shrine of Tiruvalur (Ārūr) in the Tanjore district, muses over the ancient connection of his lord with the holy place, suggesting that it began before the creation, before Śiva wrought his greatest marvels, perhaps even before the one Supreme, Īśvara, expanded into the triad Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Rudra.

28. When was that ancient day our Lord
 Chose Ārūr should His temple be ?
 Was't when He stood 'mid praising worlds
 Alone, or when the One grew three ?
 Was't when in wrath He burned up Death,
 Or turned on Lust His flaming eye ?
 Or when creative, immanent,
 He called to being earth and sky ?
 Was't when, his young deer in his hand,
 He came, with Umā as His part ?
 Or ere He joined that lady fair
 Took He our Ārūr to His heart ?

29. நீதியால்வாழமாட்டேனித்தலுந் தூயேன ல்லேன்
 ஒதியமுணரமாட்டேனுன் னையுன் வைக்கமாட்டேன்
 சோதியேசுடரேயுன்றன் தூமலர்ப்பாதங்காண்பான்
 ஆதியேயலைந் தூபாளேன திகைவிரட்டனாரே.

30. தெருளுமாதெருளமாட்டேன் தீவினைச்சுற்ற
 மென்னும்
 பொருளுளையழுந் திரகளும்போலவே தார்தொறி
 யுங்காணேன்
 இருளுமாமணிகண்டாநின் னிரினை யடிபிரண்டுங்
 காண்பான்
 அருளுமாறருளவேண்டுமதிகைவிரட்டனாரே.

31. உறுகயிதூசல்போலவொன் றுவிட்டொன் றுபற்றி
 மறுகயிதூசல்போலவந் துவந் துலவுகெஞ்சம்
 பெறுகயிதூசல்போலப்பிறைபுல்லுசுடையாய்
 பாதத்
 தறுகயிதூசலானேன திகைவிரட்டனாரே.

It is often said, not without truth, that Hinduism fails to create a strong sense of sin. But there are great exceptions: witness the following verses, samples of many, taken from a hymn which trembles with feeling. The author is sunk in sin. Or he has been like a swing, flying first toward evil and then towards God; but now, joy! the cord has snapped, and he lies fixed at his Lord's feet. Yet the old mood returns; his soul is bound and drugged with sleep, and life has no joys to offer unless God will save.

THE SOUL'S BITTER CRY

29. In right I have no power to live,
 Day after day I'm stained with sin;
 I read, but do not understand;
 I hold Thee not my heart within.
 O light, O flame, O first of all,
 I wandered far that I might see,
 Athihai Viraṭṭānam's Lord,
 Thy flower-like feet of purity.
30. Daily I'm sunk in worldly sin;
 Naught know I as I ought to know;
 Absorbed in vice as 'twere my kin,
 I see no path in which to go.
 O Thou with throat one darkling gem,
 Gracious, such grace to me accord,
 That I may see Thy beauteous feet,
 Athihai Viraṭṭānam's Lord.
31. My fickle heart one love forsakes,
 And forthwith to some other clings;
 Swiftly to some one thing it sways,
 And e'en as swiftly backward swings.
 O Thou with crescent in Thy hair,
 Athihai Viraṭṭānam's Lord,
 Fixed at Thy feet henceforth I lie,
 For Thou hast broken my soul's cord.

44 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

32. கழித்திலேன் காமவெந்நோய்காதன் மையென்
 னும்பாசம்
 ஒழித்திலே னுன்கடுணைக்கியுணர்வெ னுமிமை திற
 ந்து
 விழித்திலேன் வெளி துதே தான் நவினை யெ னுஞ்சா
 க்ருக்கொண்டேன்
 அழித்திலேன யா த்துப்போனே ன திகை யிர
 ட்டனோ.



33. ஒம்பினேன் கட்டைவாளாவுள்ளத்தே தார்கொடு
 மைவைத்துக்
 காம்பிலாமுழைபோலக்கரு திற்றே நமுகக்கமா
 ட்டேன்
 பாம்பின்வாய்த்தேரைபோலப்பலபலினைக்கின்
 தேனை
 யோம்பிசீய்யக்கொள்ளயொற்றியூருடைய
 கோவே.
34. மனமெனுந்தே தாணிபற்றிமதியெ னுன்கோலையுன் நிச்
 சினமெனுஞ்சாக்கையேற்றிச்செ நிகடலோடும்
 போது
 மதனெ னும்பாறைதாக்கிமறியும்போதறிய
 யொண்ணு
 துனை யுனுமுணர்வைகல்காயொற்றியூருடைய
 கோவே.

32. The bond of lust I cannot break ;
 Desire's fierce torture will not die ;
 My soul I cannot stab awake
 To scan my flesh with seeing eye.
 I bear upon me load of deeds,
 Load such as I can ne'er lay down.
 Athihai Virattānam's Lord,
 Weary of joyless life I've grown.
-

Fresh pictures in another hymn set forth his sad condition. God's vessels are full of the sweetness of grace, but his spoon has no handle. He feels himself in the deadly grasp of fate, like the frog in the cruel mouth of the snake which is slowly swallowing it down. Or he is on a raft on the sea of life, wrecked on the rock of lust.

33. While violence is in my heart,
 Care of my body cage is vain.
 My spoon no handle hath when I
 Thy honey's grace to drink am fain.
 As in the serpent's mouth the frog,
 Caught in life's terrors, wild I rave.
 Thou, King of holy Ottiyūr,
 Wilt Thou not care for me and save ?
34. When on life's angry waves I launch,
 My heart's the raft I take to me,
 My mind's the pole I lean upon,
 Vexation's freight I bear to sea.
 I strike upon the rock of lust !
 O then, though witless quite I be,
 Grant, King of holy Ottiyūr,
 Such wisdom that I think of Thee.

35. குலம்பொல்லேன் குணம்பொல்லேன் குறியும்பொ
ல்லேன்

குற்றமேபெரிதூடையேன்கோலமாய
நலம்பொல்லேனான் பொல்லேன் ஞானியல்லே
னல்லாரோடிசைந்திலேனடுவேனின்ற
விலங்கலேன் விலங்கலாதொழிந்தேனல்லேன்
வெறுப்பனவுமிகப் பெரிதும்பேசவல்லேன்
இலம்பொல்லேனிரப்பதல்லால் சயமாட்டே
னென் செய்வான்குறும்பினே னேழையேனே



36. நில்லாதநீர்சடைமேனிற்சித்தாரினை
நினையாவென்னெஞ்சைநினைவித்தாரினைக்
கல்லாதனவெல்லாக்கற்பித்தாரினைக்
காணாதனவெல்லாக் காட்டினாரினைச்
சொல்லாதனவெல்லாஞ் சொல்லியென்னைத்
தொடர்ந்திங் கழிபெரியாரளக்கொண்டு
பொல்லாவென்னெய்தீர்ந்த புனிதன் தன்னைப்
புண்ணியனைப்பூந்துருத்திக்கண்டேனானே .

It would be hard to find a more comprehensive confession of sin than our next stanza from another hymn.

35. Evil, all evil, my race, evil my qualities all,
 Great am I only in sin, evil is even my good.
 Evil my innermost self, foolish, avoiding the pure,
 Beast am I not, yet the ways of the beast I can
 never forsake.
 I can exhort with strong words, telling men what
 they should hate,
 Yet can I never give gifts, only to beg them I know.
 Ah! wretched man that I am, whereunto came I to
 birth?

We give next a series of stanzas in various metres from different hymns, in which the saint utters in song some of the joy which his religion has brought him. God has revealed mysteries to him which tongue cannot tell, and dwells in his life's innermost places. God is to him the fabled katpaha tree, supplying his every need. God is his all in all, and His presence is sweeter than melody or evening moonlight.

36. The moving water He made stand unmoving in
 His hair ;
 And He my thoughtless heart hath fixed in
 thought of Him alone ;
 He taught me that which none can learn, what
 none can see laid bare ;
 What tongue tells not He told ; me He pursued
 and made His own.
 The spotless pure, the holy One, my fell
 disease He healed,
 And in Pānturutti to me, e'en me, Himself
 revealed.

37. திருவேயென் செல்வமேதேனேவானோர்
 செழுஞ்சுடரே செழுஞ்சுடர்நற்சோழியிக்க
 உருவேயென் னுறவே யென் னானே யூனி
 னுன்னமேபுள்ளத் தினுள்ளேநின்ற
 கருவேயென் கற்பகமே கண்ணேகண்ணிற்
 கருமணியே மணியாடுபாவாய்காவாய்
 அருவாயவல்வினைநோயடைவாயவண்ண
 மாவடுதண்ணொறையுறையுமமராரேறே
38. அப்பளி யம்மைநீ யையனுநீ
 யன்புடைய மாமனுமாயியுநீ
 ஒப்புடையமாதருமொன்பொருளுநீ
 பொருருவமுஞ்சுற்றமுமோருருநீ
 னுய்ப்பனவுமுய்ப்பனவுந்நோற்றவாய்நீ
 னுணையாயென்னெஞ்சுந்நுறப்பிப்பாய்நீ
 இப்பொன்னீ யிம்மணிநீ யிம்முத்தானீ
 யிதைவளியே னூர்ந்தசெல்வளியே.
39. மாசில் விணையு மாலை மதிபமும்
 வீசு தென்றலும் வீங்கினவேனிஓ
 மூசு வண்டறை பொய்கையும் போன்றதே
 ஈசு னெந்தை யிணையடி நீழலே.

37. O wealth, my treasure, sweetness, lustre fair of
 heavenly hosts,
 Of lustre glory that excels, embodied One, my
 kin,
 My flesh, yea heart within my flesh, image within
 my heart,
 My all-bestowing tree, my eye, pupil my eye
 within,
 Picture seen in that pupil, lord of Āḍaturai cool,
 Immortals' king, keep far from me strong pain
 of fruits of sin.

38. Thou to me art parents, Lord,
 Thou all kinsmen that I need,
 Thou to me art loved ones fair,
 Thou art treasure rich indeed.
 Family, friends, home art Thou,
 Life and joy I draw from Thee,
 False world's good by Thee I leave,
 Gold, pearl, wealth art Thou to me.

39. As the viṇa's pure sound, as the moonlight at
 even,
 As the south wind's soft breath, as the spring's
 growing heat,
 As the pool hovered over by whispering bees,
 So sweet is the shade at our Father-Lord's feet.

40. நாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லோநமனை யஞ்சொ
 நாகத்திலிடர்ப்படோ கடலிலில்லோ
 மெமாப்போம்பிணியறியோம் பணிலோமல்லோ
 மின்பமே பெந்நாளுந்துன்பயில்லை
 நாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லாத் தன்மையான
 சங்கரனற் சங்கவெண்குழையோர் காதிற்
 கோமாற்கே நாமென்று மீளாவாளாய்க்
 கொய்ம்மலர்ச்சேவடியிணையே குறுகினோமே.

41. சங்கரிதிபஹுமரிது யிரண்டுநந்து
 தரணியொடுவாணுளத்தருவரேணு
 மக்குவாரவர்செல்வமதிப்போமல்லோ
 மாதேவர்க்கேகார்தால்வராகில்
 ஆங்கமொலாகுறைந் தழுகுதொழுநேயரா
 யாவுரித்துத்தின்றுமுணம்புலையரேணுங்
 கங்கைவாரசடைக்கரந்தார்க்கன்பராபி
 லவர்கண்டர்நாம்வணங்குங்கடவுளாரே.

40. No man holds sway o'er us,
 Nor death nor hell fear we;
 No tremblings, griefs of mind,
 No pains nor cringings see.
 Joy, day by day, unchanged
 Is ours, for we are His,
 His ever, who doth reign,
 Our Śaṅkara, in bliss.
 Here to His feet we've come,
 Feet as plucked flow'rets fair;
 See how His ears divine
 Ring and white couch-shell wear.

41. Though they give me the jewels from Indra's
 abode,
 Though they grant me dominion o'er earth, yea
 o'er heaven,
 If they be not the friends of our lord Mahādēv,
 What care I for wealth by such ruined hands
 giv'n?
 But if they love Śiva, who hides in His hair
 The river of Gaṅga, then whoe'er they be,
 Foul lepers, or outcastes, yea slayers of kine,
 To them is my homage, gods are they to me.

Often the Hindu devotee asks and re-asks the fundamental question 'Who am I?', coming to the saddest of conclusions, but setting against the background of his delusive life of self the great reality of God, to worship whom is to find release from the prison-house of personality.

42. தந்தையார் தாயாருடன் பிறந்தார்
 தாயமார் புத்திரரார்தாதந்தாமரோ
 வந்தவாறெங்கனேபோமாறேதோ
 மாயமாயிதற்கேது மகிழவேண்டா
 சிந்தையீருமக்கொன்று சொல்லக்கேண்மின்
 நிகழ்மதியும்வாளரவுந்தினைக்ருஞ்சென்னி
 எந்தையார் திருநாமநமச்சிவரய
 வென்றெழுவார்க்கிருகிசம்பிவிருக்கலாமே.



43. தலையேநீவணக்காய்—தலை—மாலையிலைக்கணிந்து
 தலையாலேபலிதேருந்தலையனைத்-தலையேநீணக்
 காய்.
44. கண்கள் காண்மின்களோ-கட-னஞ்சுண்டக
 ண்டன் தன்னை
 யெண்டோள் விசினின்றும் பிரான் தன்னைக்-க
 ண்கள் காண்மின்களோ.

42. Thy father, mother, brethren, wife,
 Ask thyself who are they?
 Thy children; yea, thy very self,
 Who art thou, canst thou say?
 How cam'st thou here, how wilt depart?
 Love not this world unreal.
 Ye anxious souls, this lesson learn,
 To one pure name appeal.
 Our father He, crowned with the moon
 And snake. Who Him adore,
 Prone lying, with "Hail Śiva, hail,"
 In heav'n live evermore.

Our next hymn with the short-lined verses (nos. 43 to 48) is a kind of Śaivite consecration hymn, mentioning successively various parts of the body—head, eyes, ears—to be given to the worship of Śiva. Verse 46 must sound sadly to a Śaivite, for it is frequently sung in the ears of the dying, as a plaintive appeal to think of God. Verse 47 rises far above the usual ideas of future absorption to the thought of a blissful state of communion with and praise of God.

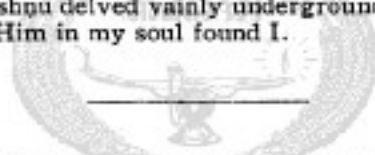
43. Head of mine, bow to Him,
 True Head, skull garlanded,
 A skull was His strange begging-bowl,
 Bow low to Him, my head.
44. Eyes of mine, gaze on Him
 Who drank the dark sea's bane.
 Eight arms He brandishes in dance,
 At Him agaze remain.

54 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

45. செவிகாள் கேண்மின்களோ-சிவ-னெம்பிறை செ
ம்பவள
மெரிபோன் மேனிப்பிரான் நிறமெப்போதுஞ்-
செவிகாள் கேண்மின்களோ.
46. உற்றாராருளரோ-உயிர்-கொண்டுபோம்பொழுது
குற்றலத்துறை கூத்தனல்லானமக் குற்றாராரு
ளரோ.
47. இறுமாந்திருப்பன்கொலோ ஈசன்-பல்கணத்தெ
ண்ணப்பட்டுச்
சிறுமானேந்திதன்சேவடிக்கீழ்ச்சென்றக் கிறு
மாந்திருப்பன்கொலோ
48. தேடிக்கண்டுகொண்டேன்-நிரு-மாலொடுகான்
முகனூர்
தேடித்தேடொணாத் தேவனை யென்னுள்ளே தே
டிக்கண்டுகொண்டேன்.



45. Ears of mine, hear His praise,
 Śiva, our flaming king.
 Flaming as coral red His form :
 Ears, hear men praises sing.
46. What kinsmen in that hour
 When life departs, have we ?
 Who but Kuttālam's dancing lord
 Can then our kinsman be ?
47. How proud shall I be there,
 One of His heavenly host,
 At His fair feet who holds the deer,
 How proud will be my boast !
48. I sought Him and I found.
 Brahm sought in vain on high.
 Viṣṇu delved vainly underground.
 Him in my soul found I.



The mystic can never be a satisfied ceremonialist. These Śaivite devotees commonly praise the god of a particular shrine in language which might suggest that Śiva is only to be found there. And everyone who knows India remembers the ceaseless streams of pilgrims journeying to the Ganges or the Cauvery (Tamil Kāviri), to Rāmēśwaram or Cape Comorin or a hundred other holy places. But with a fine inconsistency these ancient singers sometimes point men away from externalities to a worship inward and spiritual; witness the following hymn. As to the terms used in v. 50, Vedas are the religious works of the highest authority, Śāstras are philosophical and practical works based on them, while Vēdāngas are sciences subordinate to the Vedas, and there are six of them.

49. கங்கையாடிவென் காளிரியாடிவென்
கொக்குதன்ருமித் துறையாடிவெ
னெக்குமாகடலோ தரீராடிவெ
னெக்குமீசனெ னுறையர்க்கில்லையே.
50. வேதமோதிவென் சாத் திரங்கேட்கிலெ
னீ தினாஸ்பலித் தல்பயிற்நிலெ
னே தியங்கமோரா றுமுணரிலெ
னீ சணையுள் குவார்க்கன் நிமில்லையே.
51. கரணநாமகலந்து திரியிலெ
னீ நமின் நிபிருந் தவஞ்செய்யிலெ
னணையுண்டலொழிந் துவாநேக்கிலென்
னொனென் பவர்க்கன் நின்கில்லையே.
52. நன்றுநோற்கிலென்பட்டினியாகிலென்
குன்றமேநிபிருந் தவஞ்செய்யிலென்
சென்றுநீநிற் குளித் துத்திரியிலெ
னென்றுமீசனென்பார்க்கன் நிமில்லையே.

49. Why bathe in Gaṅga's stream, or Kāviri?
 Why go to Comorin in Koṅgu's land?
 Why seek the waters of the sounding sea?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who call
 In every place upon the Lord of all.
50. Why chant the Vedas, hear the Śāstras' lore?
 Why daily teach the books of righteousness?
 Why the Vēdāngas six say o'er and o'er?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, whose heart
 From thinking of its Lord shall ne'er depart.
51. Why roam the jungle, wander cities through?
 Why plague life with unstinting penance hard?
 Why eat no flesh, and gaze into the blue?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who cry
 Unceasing to the Lord of wisdom high.
52. Why fast and starve, why suffer pains austere?
 Why climb the mountains, doing penance harsh?
 Why go to bathe in waters far and near?
 Release is theirs, and theirs alone, who call
 At every time upon the Lord of all.

It looks like a sudden drop when the same writer in our next hymn seems to say that everything depends upon the pronunciation of the five sacred syllables which can be translated 'Hail, Śiva!' In the later development of Saivism the pronunciation of these syllables was exalted into a primary religious duty. But in the creative period in which these hymns were written the name probably stood for the person, so that we have here a religious 'calling upon the name of

53 சொற்றுணைவேதியன்சொதிவானவன்
பொற்றுணைதிருந்தடிபொருந்தக்கைதொழக்
கற்றுணைப்பூட்டியோர்கடலிற்பாய்ச்சினும்
நற்றுணையாவதுநமச்சிவாயவே.

54 பூலினுக்கருங்கலம்பொங்குதாமரை
பாலினுக்கருங்கலம்அரணஞ்சாடுதல்
கோலினுக்கருங்கலம்கோட்டமில்லது
காலினுக்கருங்கலநமச்சிவாயவே.

55 வெந்தநீறருங்கலம்விரதிகட்கெலா
மந்தனர்க்கருங்கலமருமறைபாறல்கக்
திகளுக்கருங்கலந்திகழூண்முடி
நங்களுக்கருங்கலநமச்சிவாயவே.

the Lord' in the devotion of worship. In the first stanza there is a remarkable use of the term 'Word.' Modern Śaivites identify this 'Word' with Umā, Śiva's consort. We can compare the Sanskrit Vāk (Word) in the Ṛig Vēda.

The last lines of verse 53 are connected in the minds of Śaivites with a story that Apparswāmi was actually sunk in the sea by Jain persecutors, with two great stones tied to him, but on crying 'Hail, Śiva!' he floated to the surface.

The five products of the cow referred to in verse 54 are all used together in ceremonial purification—milk, curds, ghee, urine, and dung.

53. O Lord of Scripture, whom the Word doth help,
Celestial light of heaven, so I but praise,
With hands meekly upraised, Thy golden feet,
Then though men tie on me two weighty stones,
And sink me in the ocean's depth, e'en then
The cry 'Hail, Śiva,' would salvation be.

54. The lotus is the glory of all flowers ;
The glory of all kine is Hara's use
Of that which they put forth. Glory of kings
Is the unswerving straightness of their deeds.
But if we ask the glory of the tongue,
'Tis to cry out aloud, 'Hail, Śiva, hail.

55. For men who all renounce, 'tis glory true
To wear the sacred ash. For Brāhmins pure
The Vēdas and Vēdāngas are their pride.
The white moon's glory is to shine serene
On the long locks of Śiva, while for us
True glory is to cry 'Hail, Śiva, hail.'

56 கூற்றாயினவாறுவினக்கினீர் கொடுமைபலசெய்
 தனநானறியே
 நேற்றாயடிக்கேவிரவும்பகலும் பிரியாதுவணக்கு
 வனெப்பொழுதான்
 நேற்றாநென்வயிற்றினகம்படியே குடரோடுதொ
 டக்கிமுடக்கியிட
 ஆற்றேனடியேனதினைக்கெடில விரட்டானத்து
 னையம்மாளே



57 மாதர்ப்பிழைக்கண்ணியாணமலையான்மகனொடும்
 பரடிப்
 போதொடுகீர்கமந்தேத்திப்புருவாரவர்பின்புரு
 வேன்
 யாதுஞ்சுவடுபடாமலையாநடைவீன்றபோது
 காதன்மடப்படியேயாடுங்கனிநுயருவனகண்டேன்
 கண்டேனவர்திருப்பாதங்கண்டறிபாதனகண்
 டேன்.

Tradition connects our next stanza with a story of Apparswāmi being smitten with an inward disease when he forsook Śaivism and became a Jain. The pain proved, says the legend, a convincing argument which reconverted him, whereupon he was promptly cured. But internal evidence proves this hymn to have been composed long after his return to Śaivism. Nandi is the name of Śiva's bull.

56. Thou takest not my deadly pain away,
 My torments, Nandi-rider, never cease ;
 At Thy feet would I worship night and day,
 But since my bowels writhe, and ne'er find peace,
 I can no more ! O Sire, to Thee I cry,
 Who dwell'st by Keḍila, in Athihai.

Nature sometimes spoke to our author of God. The union of sexes even in animals one day spoke to him as a revelation of divine things.

57. I'll follow those who going to the shrine their
 praises sound,
 With blooms and water for the god who wears
 the moon so mild
 All lovely in His locks, a garland wreathed His
 neck around,
 And with Him sing they Pārvati, the mountain
 god's fair child.
 Once as I went to Aiyāru, with light and
 reverent tread,
 I saw come two young elephants, male by
 loved female led,
 And in that sight I saw God's foot, saw
 secret things unsaid.

- 58 கம்பனேயெங்கன்கோவேநாதனேயாதிரும்புத்தி
 பங்கனேபரமயோகியென்றென்றேபரவிநானுஞ்
 செம்பொனேபவனக்குன்றேதிகழ்மலர்ப்பாதக்
 காண்பா
 னன்பனையென்றோனேனதிகைவிரட்டனாரே.



- 59 பண்ணினேர்மொழியானுமைபங்கரோ
 மண்ணினார்வலஞ்செய்மறைக்காடரோ
 கண்ணினாறுமைக்காணக்கதவினைத்
 திண்ணமாசத்திறந்தருள்செய்மயினே.

God is the great yogi, the wielder of mystic powers.

58. "O greatly loved, our King, our Lord, from all eternity,
Our portion, our true mystic," thus from day to day I sing.
O golden one, O hill of coral, I in love of Thee
Have wandered far and wide, Athihai Virattānam's king,
Have wandered far the shining blossom of Thy foot to see.

One whole hymn, from which our next verse is taken, is a prayer for the opening of a door. Tradition has it that the great locked temple door at Vedāraṅgam swung open in answer to this song.

59. Umā is Thy portion, whose words are like song.
In fair Maṛaikkāḍu men circle round Thee
In worship. O graciously open this door
That we Thy true servants Thy glory may see.

Here is a very popular stanza. There used to be a beggar in Madras who recited it, and it alone, all day long.

- 60 அரியாணையந்தணர் தஞ் சிந்தையாணை
 யருமறையி னகத்தாணை யணுவையார்க்குந்
 தெரியாததத்துவனைத் தேனைப்பாலைத்
 திகழொளிபைத்தேவர்கடங்கோணை மற்றைக்
 கரியாணை நான்முனைக்கணலை க்காற்றைக்
 கண்கடலைக்ருவவசையைக்கலந்துரின்ற
 பெரியாணைப்பெரும்பற்றப்புளியூசாணைப்
 பேசாதநானெல்லாம் சிறவானானே.



- 61 உழையுரித்த மாணுசிதோலாடையானே
 யுமையவடம்பெருமானே யிமையோரேறே
 கழையிதுத்தகருங்கடனஞ்சுண்டகண்டா
 கயிலையமலையானேயுன்பாலன்பர்
 இழைபொறுத்தியென்பதாவும் பெரியோய்கின்றன்
 கடனன்றே போருளுன் பாலதன்றே
 அழையுறுந்து மாமயிலகனாடுஞ்சேரலை யாவடு
 தன்னுறையுறையுமமாரேறே.

60. He is ever hard to find, but He lives in the thought
of the good ;
He is the innermost secret of Scripture, inscrutable,
unknowable ;
He is honey and milk and the shining light. He
is the king of the Devas,
Immanent in Vishṇu, in Brahmā, in flame and in
wind,
Yea in the mighty sounding sea and in the moun-
tains.
He is the great One who chooses Perumpattapuli-
yūr for His own.
If there be days when my tongue is dumb and
speaks not of Him,
Let no such days be counted in the record of my
life.

Whatever karma may teach of the inevitable conse-
quence of evil, devotees hold that they may count on
receiving divine forgiveness, for which the gracious
nature of God is a sufficient pledge and guarantee.

61. Thy throat the black sea's poison drank, as 'twere
ambrosia sweet,
O deer-skin wearer, Umā's lord, king of the gods
on high ;
Kailāsa's hill is Thine abode, and when Thy
lovers cry
"Forgive our sin," great One, forgiveness is Thy
duty meet ;
For with Thee is great grace, lord of celestial
beings all,
Who dwell'st in Āvaḍuturai, where peacocks
dance and call.

- 62 திருக்கோயிலில்லாத திருவிஊரூர்
 திருவெண்ணீறணியாத திருவிஊரூர்
 பருக்கோடிப்பத்திமையாற் பாடாஊரூர்
 பாக் கிணைடுபலதனிகளில்லாஊரூர்
 விருப்போடுவெண்சங்கமுதாஊரூர்
 விதானமும் வெண்கொடியில்லாஊரூர்
 அருப்போடு மலர்பறித்திட்டுண்ணுஊரூர்
 அவையெல்லாஸூரல்லவடவிகாடே.
- 63 திருநாமமஞ்செழுத்துஞ் செய்பாராகிற்
 தீவண்ணர் திறமொருகாற்பேசாராகில்
 ஒருகாறுந்திருக்கோயில் சூழாராகில்
 உண்பதன்முன் மலர்பறித்திட்டுண்ணாராகில்
 அருநோய்கள்கெடவெண்ணீறணியாராகி
 லணியற்றார் பிறந்தவாதேதோவென்னிற்
 பெருநோய்கள்கண்டிதநலியப் பெயர்த்துஞ்செத்தப்
 பிறப்பதற்கே தொழிலாகியிறக்கின்றாரே.
- 64 மக்களேமணந்ததாரமவ்வயிற்றவரை யோம்புஞ்
 சிக்குளையழுந்தியீசன் நிறம்படேன் தவமதேதாரேன்
 கொப்புளேபோலத்தோன்றி யதனுளேமறையக்
 கண்டு
 மிக்களே பரத்தை யோம்ப வென்செய்வான் றேன்
 றினேனே.

The dreadful fate in store for irreligious men that is of being slowly killed by sore sickness, then being born again to a joyless life that circles round once more to death in unending cycles of dreariness.

The 'letters five' in no. 63 refer to the five-syllabled phrase *na-msh-Śi-vā-ya*, whose praise is chanted in vv. 53-55.

62: The ill-starred town without a house of God,
 Wherein white ash on no man's brow doth glow,
 The town where pious praises are unsung,
 Where are no wayside shrines men's faith to show,
 Where none blow joyfully the conch-shell white,
 Where spread no canopies, no flags appear,
 Where none make flowery offerings ere they eat,
 Call it no town, 'tis but a jungle drear.

63. If men speak not His name in letters five,
 Nor e'er the fire-formed Śiva's praise repeat,
 And never walk in reverence round His shrine,
 And pluck no flowers for offering ere they eat,
 If they for healing wear no sacred ash,
 I'll tell you whereunto such men were born,
 'Twas that foul plagues might torture them to death,
 Then death bring rebirths endlessly forlorn.

Our last fragment from Apparswāmi is in the minor key, in which so many of his refrains are pitched. It seems to prove, contrary to tradition, that Appar was once a married man.

64. Immersed in painful cherishing
 Of child and wedded wife,
 No room is there in me to feel
 Thy power, Lord of my life.
 O whereunto came I to birth?
 To cherish this false world?
 Or watch it, bubble-like, appear,
 Then be to nothing hurled?







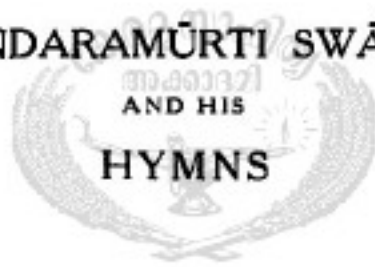
(By permission of the Director, Colombo Museum)

SUNDARAMŪRTI

SUNDARAMŪRTI SWĀMI

AND HIS

HYMNS





III.

SUNDARAMŪRTI SWĀMI

(Abbreviated as SUNDARAR)

THE third of these hymn-writers, named in full Sundaramūrti Swāmi, was, like Sambandar, a Brahman. He was born in the South Arcot District, and is generally believed to have flourished in the first quarter of the ninth century A.D. He evidently sat loose to caste scruples, for neither of his two wives was a Brahman. One was a dancing-girl in the Śaivite temple at Tiruvārūr, the modern Tiruvalur in the Tanjore District, while the other was a Vēlāla woman of Tiruvottiyūr, now a suburb of Madras. His life seems to have been no happier than life in polygamy usually is, and to add to his difficulties he sometimes found himself without food for his ladies to eat. He frankly praised God for what he could get, and on the whole his hymns are on a lower spiritual plane than those of the first two writers, though there are some which bear the marks of real spiritual experience. Of the sixty-three saints whom Śaivites hold in special honour, Sundarar seems to have been the last, for he sang the praises of the other sixty-two.

- 65 கற்றமிழ்வல்ல ஞானசம்பந்த
 னாவினுக்கரையனாஐப் போவாணுங்
 கற்றருதனற்சாக்ஷியன்சிலந்தி
 கண்ணப்பன் கணம்புல்லனென் றிவர்கள்
 குற்றஞ்செய்யி னுக்குணமெனக்கருதுங்
 கொள்கை கண்டுநின்றுரைகழலடைந்தேன்
 பொற்றிரண்மணிக்கமலங்கள்மலரும்
 பொய்கைருழ்திருப்புன் கூருளானே.

- 66 பொன்னூர்மேனியனே புலித்தோலையரைக்கசைத்து
 மின்னூர்செஞ்சடைமேல்மிளிர்கொன்றையணிந்த
 வடுவ
 மன்னே மாமணியே மழபாடியுண்மாணிக்கமே
 யன்னே யுண்ணையல்லாவினியாரைநினைக்கேனே.

Sundarar, as our first sample of him shews, was not only later than the two authors whom we have been studying; he was the last of the sixty-three canonized saints of Śaivism. A serious weakness of the religion here shews its head. Śiva has his favourites, who can do no wrong. The stanza is given in prose, for these names cannot fit into any English metrical line. The first two will be recognised as names of the poets whose work we have been considering. Nālaippōvān is Nandan, the pariah saint. Silandī (= spider) is Kōchchengaṭ Chola, who figures largely in early Tamil history.

65. Nānasambandar and Tirunāvukkarasar, skilled in the Tamil tongue, Nālaippōvān, learned Sūdan, Sākkiyan, Silandī, Kāṇappan, Kāṇampullan, these may do wrong, but yet Thou count'st it right. Hence have I come to the sounding anklets of Thy feet, O lord of Tiruppungūr with its pools where blossoms many a golden lotus gem.

To English ears the metre of the next two verses, which are common favourites, has a curious sound. It is a close reproduction of the Tamil, so close that the tune of the Tamil hymn could be sung to the English words.

66. Golden art Thou in Thy form, girt around with the
 fierce tiger's skin,
 Fair shines Thy tangle of hair, crowned with blooms
 from the kondai's bright tree,
 Sov'reign, great jewel art Thou, the red ruby of
 Maḷapādi,
 Mother, on Thee, none but Thee, can my heart
 evermore fixed be.

67 கீளர்கோவணமுந் திருநீறுமெய்ப்பூசியுன் றன்
 ருளேவந்தடைந்தேன் றலைவாவெனையேன் றுகொண்
 ளாளார்கண்ணிபங்காமழபாடியுண்மாணிக்கமே
 கேளாபின்னை யல்லாவினியாரைநினைக்கேனே.

68 பத்திமையுமடிமையையுகைகிடுவான் பாரியேன்
 பொத்தினநோயதுவிதனைப்பொருளறிந்தேன்
 போப்த்தொழுவேன்
 முத்தினை மாமணி தன்னைவயிரத்தைமுர்க்கனேன்
 ளத்தனைநாள் பிரிந்திருக்கேனென்னுரிநை
 வனையே.

69 பித்தாபிநைரூடிபெருமானேயருளாளா
 வெத்தான்மறவாதேநினைக்கின்றேன்மனத்துன்னை
 வைத்தாய்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வெண்ணெய்ப்நல்லு
 ராருட்டுறையு
 ளத்தாவுணக்காளாயினியல்லெனளலாமே.

67. Clad in the little loin-cloth, my body with holy ash white,
 Lo I have come to Thy foot ; O my head, I beseech Thee, take me.
 Portion of sword-eyed Umā, Thou red ruby of Maḷapāḍi,
 Friend, 'tis on Thee, none but Thee, can my heart evermore fixed be.
-

Is the Śiva manifested at one shrine so distinct from the Śiva manifested at another as to endanger the unity of God? If tradition is right, the danger is very real, for Sundarar was already worshipping at one shrine, Tiruvottiyūr, when he remembered the lord of Ārūr, and deciding to go to him like a returning prodigal, sang this stanza.

68. Ah sinful, I have left the path of love and service pure!
 Now know I well the meaning of my sickness and my pain.
 I will go worship. Fool! how long can I so far remain
 From Him, my pearl, my diamond rare, the king of great Ārūr.
-

The joy in God which shines in our next hymn evidently rests on some experience of divine grace which we should have liked to hear more definitely described.

69. O madman with the moon-crowned hair,
 Thou lord of men, thou fount of grace,
 How to forget Thee could I bear?
 My soul hath aye for Thee a place.
 Venney-nallūr, in "Grace's shrine"
 South of the stream of Pennai, there
 My father, I became all thine;
 How could I now myself forswear?

76 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

70 நாயேன்பலநாளுநினைப்பின் நிமனத்துன்னைப்
 பேயாய்த்திரிந்தெய்த்தேன்பெறலாகவருள்பெற்
 றேன்
 வேயார்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வெண்ணெய்நல்லூர
 ருட்டுறையு
 ளாயவுணக்காளாயினியல்லேனெனலாமே.

71 முடியேனினிப்பிறவேன்பெறின்மூவேன்பெற்ற
 மூர்தீ
 கொடியேன்பலபொய்யேயுரைப்பேனைக்ருதிக்
 கொண்ணீ
 செடியார்பெண்ணைத்தென்பால்வெண்ணெய்நல்
 லூரருட்டுறையு
 ளாடிகேளுணக்காளாயினியல்லேனெனலாமே.

72 மந்துப்பற்றெனக்கின்நிரின்நிரூப்பாதமேமணம்
 பாவித்தேன்
 பெற்றலும்பிறந்தேனினிப்பிறவாததன்மைவந்தெ
 ய்தினேன்
 கற்றவர்தொழுதேத்துஞ்சீர்க்கறையூரிற்பாண்டி.க்
 கொடுமுடி
 நற்றவாவுணநான்மறக்கினுஞ்சொல்லுநாகமச்சி
 வாயவே.

70. I roamed, a cur, for many days
 Without a single thought of Thee,
 Roamed and grew weary, then such grace
 As none could win Thou gavest me.
 Venpey-nallūr, in "Grace's shrine"
 Where bamboos fringe the Pennai, there
 My Shepherd, I became all thine;
 How could I now myself forswear ?
71. Henceforth for me no birth, no death,
 No creeping age, bull-rider mine.
 Sinful and full of lying breath
 Am I, but do Thou mark me Thine.
 Venpey-nallūr, in "Grace's shrine"
 South of the wooded Pennai, there
 My Master, I became all thine;
 How could I now myself forswear ?



The varying mood of the saint, now joyous and triumphant, now plaintively looking for death, is reflected in the next two verses from one hymn.

72. Linked to naught else in life, my mind thinks only
 of Thy holy feet.
 I'm born anew, from this time forth I pass the
 way of birth no more.
 In Kodumudi, lord austere, where wise men Thee
 with praises greet,
 Should I forget Thee, my own tongue 'Hail,
 Śiva'! crying, would adore.

73 ஓவுநானுணர்வழியுகாளுயிர்போருகாளுயர்பாடை
 மேற்
 காவநானிவையென்றலாற்கருதேன் கினர்புணற்கா
 விரிப்
 பாவுதண்புணல்வந்திழிபாஞ்சோதிபாண்டி.க்கொ
 முடி
 நாவலாவுணைநான்மறக்கினுஞ்சொல்லுநாகமச்சி
 வரயவே.

74 அந்தணை னுன் னடைக்கலம்புகுத
 வவணைக் காப்பது காரணமாக
 வந்தகாலன் றனாகிரதனை
 வவ்வினாய்க்குன்றன் வன்மைகண்டடியேன்
 எந்தைநீயெனைநமன் றமர்நலியி
 லிவன்மற்றென்னடி யானென லிலக்குஞ்
 சிந்தைபால்வந்துண் றிருவடியடைந்தேன்
 செழும்பொழிந் திருப்புள் கூருளானே.

73. When will the end draw nigh, sense fade, life close, and I the bier ascend?
 This, naught but this, is all my thought. But,
 lord of speech, Thou light on high,
 Where the bright streams of Kāviri to Koḍumuḍi coolness lend,
 Should I forget Thee, my own tongue to Thee would loud 'Hail, Śiva' cry.
-

God should deliver His own from death. The appeal here is to the familiar story of Markandeya (see No. 3). Yama is the god of death who gathers in the souls of men.

74. The young saint refuge sought from Death;
 To save him, Thou grim Death did'st slay,
 Such deeds Thy might accomplisheth,
 And I who have beheld them pray
 "O Father, should dread Yama press
 On me, forbid him. 'Tis my slave';
 Do Thou in green Pungūr confess.
 I've reached Thy foot, and Thou can'st save."
-

Sundarar is sure that Śiva will understand his perplexities in supplying the needs of his fair ladies. For does not Śiva Himself bear the burden of two ladies, Pārvati his consort, and Gangā (lady Ganges) in his hair? Sundarar, in the legend with which these verses are connected, when one of his wives was suffering hunger, miraculously received some uncooked rice from Śiva. This was not enough; to complete the miracle Śiva must remove the rice for him to Ārūr the abode of his fair one. This too was done in answer to the hymn of which the next two stanzas are a sample.

80 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

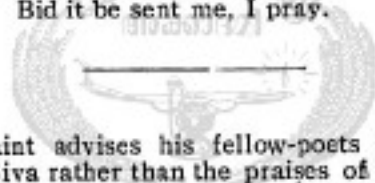
75 நீளநீணந்தடியேனுமைரித்தலுங்கைதொழுவேன்
வாளனகண்மடவாளவள்வாடிவருத்தரமே
கோளிரியெம்பெருமாங்குண்டையூர்ச்சிலநெல்லு
ப்பெற்றே
ஞானியெம்பெருமானவையட்டித்தரப்பணியே.

76 பாதியேயார்பெண்ணைவைத்தாப்படருஞ்சடைக்கக்
கைவைத்தாப்
மாதர்நல்லார்வருத்தமதுரீபுமறிதியன்றே
கோதில்பொழில்புடைருழ்ருண்டையூர்ச்சிலநெல்
லுப்பெற்றே
ஞானியேயற்புதனையவையட்டித்தரப்பணியே.



77 தம்மையேபுகழ்ந்திச்சைபேசினுஞ்சார்வினாந்
தொண்டர் தருகிலாப்
பொய்ம்மையாளரைப்பாடாதேயெந்தையுகனூர்பா
டுமின்புலவீர்கா
ளிம்மையே தருஞ்சோறுங்குறையுமேத்தலாமிடர்
கெடலுமாம்
அம்மையேசிவலோகமாள்வதற்கியாதுமையுற
வில்லையே.

75. Ever I think but of Thee ;
 Daily in worship I bow ;
 She of the sword-piercing eyes,
 Leave her not suffering now.
 Kōḷili's lord, Thou didst give
 Rice in Kuṇḍaiyūr this day.
 No man to bring it have I,
 Bid it be sent me, I pray.
76. Thou art half woman Thyself ;
 Gaṅgā is in Thy long hair.
 Full well canst Thou comprehend
 Burden of women so fair.
 Kuṇḍaiyūr circled with gems,
 There didst Thou give rice to-day.
 Source of all, wonderful one,
 Bid it be sent me, I pray.



The saint advises his fellow-poets to sing the praises of Śiva rather than the praises of men because they seldom reward the poets. Śiva rewards them here and hereafter. The Pāri mentioned in 78 was a chieftain in the Tamil country in the early centuries of our era, famed for his liberality.

77. Though ye fawn on men of lies,
 They to saints will nothing give ;
 Sing not them, O poets wise,
 But if ye would wealth receive
 Sing the Sire of Puhālūr ;
 Here your wants will be supplied,
 Pain will flee ; there evermore
 Ye will kings in heav'n abide.

78 மிடுக்கிலாதாணையீமனே விநல்விசயனேவில் லுக்கி
 வனென்று
 கொடுக்கிலாதாணப்பாரியேயென்று கூறி லுக்கொ
 டப்பாரிலை
 பொடிக்கொள்மேனியெம்புண்ணியன் புக லுரைப்
 பாடுமின் புலவீர்கா
 அடுக்குமேலமருலகமான்வதற்சியா லுமையுற
 வில்லையே,

79 வாழ்வாவது மாயம்மிது மண்ணாவது திண்ணம்
 பாழ்போவது சிறிக்கடல்பசினோய்செய்த பறிதான்
 ருழாதறந் செய்ம்மின் நடங் கண்ணன்மல ரோ லுங்
 கீழ்மே லுற தின்ருன் திருக் கேதாரமெ னீரே.

78. Call the weak by Bhīma's name,
Style him Arjun with his bow,
Give the mean man Pāri's fame,
Not a gift will he bestow.
Sing, O bards, our holy God,
White with ash, in Puhālūr.
In the deathless one's abode
Ye shall reign for evermore.
-

Life and experience have no value, no reality. God alone is real, the refuge from the unreal.

79. Our life is all unreal,
Its end is only dust,
Out of the sea of birth
Come ruin, pain and lust.
Delay not to do good
But praise Ketāram's king,
Whom Viṣṇu and great Brahm
Vainly sought sorrowing.







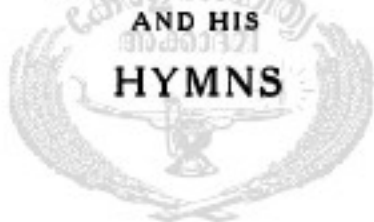
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MĀṆIKKA VĀSAHAR

MĀNIKKA VĀSAHAR

AND HIS

HYMNS



IV.

MĀNIKKA VĀSAHAR

(Sanskrit form MĀNIKYA VĀCHAKA)

IN the days when the powerful Pāndyan Kings flourished in Madura, there was once a prime minister who early became convinced of the transitoriness of this world's life and its riches. When on a visit to Perundurai, now Āvudaiyārkoil in the Tanjore District, he suddenly and completely came under the influence of a Brahman religious teacher, who for him was the manifestation of the very God Himself. Then and there he began to sing the "Sacred Utterance" (Tiruvāsaham), and was named by his preceptor "Utterer of Jewels" (Mānikka Vāsahar). Returning to Madura, he forsook his high office with all its rewards, to become a religious poet wandering without earthly attachments from shrine to shrine. The stories clustering around his religious experience can be read by English readers in Dr. Pope's great edition of his work. We find him practising austerities at Chidambaram, or miraculously giving the gift of speech to the dumb daughter of the Chōja king, or defeating in disputation a band of Buddhists from Ceylon, but of certain historical information about him we have practically none. Even the question of the century in which he lived is a battleground of the antiquarians. Tradition places him in the fifth century, earlier than the writers of the Dēvāram ;

but the opinion of scholars seems to be converging on the view that he lived in the latter half of the ninth, or the first half of the tenth century of our era. Another of his works is the *Tirukkōvaiyār*, an erotic poem of four hundred stanzas. Among Tamil Śaivite writers none makes a stronger devotional appeal than Mānikka Vāsahar. There is a common Tamil saying that nothing can melt the heart of the man who is not melted by the *Tiruvāsaham*.



- 80 மெய்தா னரும்பி விதிர்விதிர் த னன்விரை யார்த
 முற்கென்
 கைதான் றலைவைத்துக் கண்ணீர் தனும்பி வெதும்
 சிபுன்னம்.
 பொய்தான் றவிர்ந் துண்ணிப் பேரற்றி சயசய போற்
 றியென்னுங்
 கைதா னெகிழ விடேனுடை யாயென்னைக் கண்டு
 கொள்ளே.
- 81 கொள்ளேன் புரந்தான் மாலயன் வாழ்வு குடி
 கெடினு
 னள்ளே னினதடி யாரொடல் லானா கம்புகினு
 மெள்ளேன் நிருவரு ளாலே பிருக்கப் பெறி
 னிறைவா
 வுள்ளேன் பிறதெய்வ முன்னையல் லாதெக்க ஞாத
 தமனே.
- 82 நாடத்தா னுன்னடியார் பேரனடித்து காணடுவே
 விடகத்தே புகுந்திடுவான் மிகப்பெரிதும் விரை
 கின்றே
 னூடகச்சீர் மணிக்ருன்றே யிடையறு வன்புளக்கென்
 னூடகத்தே லின்றுருகத் தந்தருளெம் முடை
 யானே.

Stanzas 80-92 are samples from an opening poem of one hundred stanzas, each ten of which has its own metre and is fairly complete in itself. They fairly reflect the saint's varying moods. Notice the importance he attaches to emotion; his worst self-reproach is for feeling no frenzy. As to his conception of God, see how the word 'grace' recurs in nearly every stanza. And yet that God of grace is called (in No. 84) both being and non-existence.

THE HUNDRED VERSES

80. Thrills and trembles my frame ;
 Hands are lifted on high ;
 Here at Thy fragrant feet,
 Sobbing and weeping I cry ;
 Falsehood forsaking, I shout,
 "Victory, victory, praise!"
 Lord of my life, these clasped hands
 Worship shall bring Thee always.

81. Indra or Vishnu or Brahm,
 Their divine bliss crave not I ;
 I seek the love of Thy saints,
 Though my house perish thereby.
 To the worst hell I will go,
 So but Thy grace be with me.
 Best of all, how could my heart
 Think of a god beside Thee ?

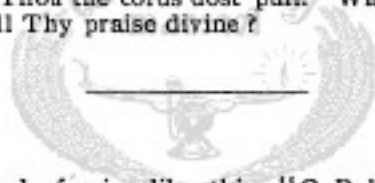
82. Though like Thy saints I seem, 'tis but the acting
 of a part.
 Yet wondrous swift I run to reach the heaven
 where Thou art.
 O hill of gold and precious gems, grant in Thy
 grace to me
 A heart to melt, lord of my life, in ceaseless
 love to Thee.

83 யானேதும் சிறப்பஞ்சேனிதப்பதனுக் கென்
கடவேன்
வானேயும் பெறில்வேண்டேன் மண்ணுள்வான்
மதித்துமிரேன்
தேனேயு மலர்க்கொன்றைச் சிவனையெம் பெரு
மாளெம்
மானேயுள் னருள்பெறுநா னென்றென்றே
வருந்துவனே.

84 வானாகி மண்ணாகி வளியாகி யொளியாகி
யூனாகி யுயிராகி யுண்மையுமா யின்மையுமாய்க்
கோனாகி யானெனதென் றவரவரைக் கூத்தாட்டு
வானாகி நின்றாயை யென்சொல்லி வாழ்த்துவனே.



85 வெள்ளந்தாழ் விரிசடைபாய் விடைபாய் விண்
னோர்
பெருமாளையெனக்கேட்டுவேட்டநெஞ்சாய்ப்
பள்ளந்தா முறுபுனளிற் கீழ்மே லாகப்
பதைத்துருகு மவநிற்க வெண்ணை யாண்டாய்க்
குள்ளந்தா னின்றிச்சி யளவு நெஞ்சா
யுருகாதா டுடம்பெல்லாக் கண்ணு யண்ணு
வெள்ளந்தான் பாயாதா நெஞ்சங் கல்லாக்
கண்ணினையு மரமார்தீ வினையி னேற்கே.

83. I have no fear of births, but quake at thought that
I must die.
E'en heav'n to me were naught; for earth's whole
empire what care I?
O Śiva wreathed with honeyed blossoms, "When
shall come the morn
When Thou wilt grant Thy grace to me?" I cry
with anguish torn.
84. The sky, earth, wind, the light, our very flesh and
life art Thou,
Being art Thou, non-being too, Thou king, who
see'st how
Men dance like puppets with their foolish thoughts
of 'I' and 'Mine,'
While Thou the cords dost pull. What words can
tell Thy praise divine?
- 
85. At sound of cries like this, "O Bull-rider whose
spreading hair
The falling stream receives! Heaven's Lord," true
devotees there were,
Whose love-thrilled heart broke forth, like stopped-
up rivers rushing down.
Yet Thou didst choose no one of them, but me to
be Thine own.
And yet my body will not turn from heel to head
one heart
To melt in love for Thee, one eye to shed the tears
that smart
In swelling floods. Ah! wretched that I am, who
only moan!
My two eyes are unfeeling wood, my heart a great
dead stone!

- 86 வினையிலே கிடந்தேனைப் புருந்து நின்ற
 போதுநான் வினைக்கேடனென்பாய் போல
 வினையனா நென்றுன்னை யறிவித் தென்னை
 யாட்கொண்டெம் பிரானாய்க் கிரும்பின்
 பாவை
 யணையநான் பாடேனின் றுடே னந்தோ
 வலறிடே னுலறிடே னாகி சோரோன்
 முனைவனே முறையோநா னுன வாறு
 முடிவறியேன் முதலந்த மாயினானே.

- 87 கேட்டாரு மறியாதான் கேடொன் றில்லான்
 கிணையிலான் கேனாதே யெல்லாக் கேட்டா
 னுட்டார்கள் விழித்திருப்ப னாலத் துள்ளே
 நாயினுக்குத் தனிசுட்டு நாயி னேற்கே
 காட்டா தனவெல்லாக் காட்டிப் பின்னிங்
 கேனா தனவெல்லாக் கேட்டித் தென்னை
 மீட்டேயும் பிறவாமற் காத்தாட்கொண்டா
 னெம்பெருமான் செய்திட்ட விச்சை தானே.

- 88 தேவர்கோ வறியாத தேவ தேவன்
 செழும்பொழில்கள் பயந்துகாத் தழிக்கு மற்றை
 முவர்கோ னாய்நின்ற முதல்வன் மூர்த்தி
 மூதாதை மாநாளும் பாகத் தெந்தை

86. Amid the fruits of deeds I lay. Thou didst thyself reveal
 With words of comfort saying "Come, I will destruction deal
 To evil fruit of deeds," and thus thou mad'st me all Thy slave.
 And yet I stand as if a statue made of steel, nor rave,
 Nor sing, nor cry, nor wail—woe's me—nor in my spirit faint
 With deep desire, so dull am I. O being ancient, Thou art beginning, Thou art end: tell me, how can I be
 So dead at heart? The end of this I do not dare to see.
87. Him though men seek, none fully know; in Him no evil is.
 None are His kindred; knowledge perfect, effortless is His.
 A cur am I, yet He hath giv'n to me in sight of men
 A place on earth, and shewed me things far beyond mortal ken.
 He told me what no ears can hear; from future births He sav'd.
 Such magic wrought my Lord who me hath lovingly enslaved.
88. Our God of gods, whom e'en the devas' king knows but in part,
 Ruleth the three who in the fair world-gardens life impart,
 And life maintain, and life destroy; our First, Reality,
 Father of old, whose consort Umā is, our sovereign, He

யாவர்கோ னென்னையும்வந் தாண்டு கொண்டான்
 யாமார்க்குந் குடியல்லோம் யாது மஞ்சேர.
 மேனினே மவனடியா சடியா ரோடு
 மேன்மேலுந் குடைந்தாடி யாடு வோமே.

- 89 செய்வ தறிபாச் சிறுகாயேன் செம்பொற் பாத
 மலர்காணப்
 பொய்யர் பெறும்பே நத்தனையும் பெறுதற் ருந்
 யேன் பொய்யிலா
 மெய்யர் வெறியார் மலர்ப்பாத மேவக் கண்டுந்
 தேட்டிருந்தும்
 பொய்யனேனு னுண்டுத்திந் கிருப்ப தானேன்
 போரேறே.

- 90 இழித்தன னென்னை யானே யெம்பிரான் போற்றி
 போற்றி
 பழித்திலே னுன்னை யென்னை யானுடைப்பாதம்
 போற்றி
 பிழைத்தவை பொறுக்கை யெல்லாம் பெரியவர்
 கடமை போற்றி
 பொழித்திடிவ் வாழ்வு போற்றி யும்பர்காட் டெய்
 பிரானே.

Came down in grace and made e'en me to be His
 very own.
 Henceforth before no man I bow ; I fear but Him
 alone.
 Now of His servants' servants I have joined the
 sacred throng,
 And ever more and more I'll bathe in bliss, with
 dance and song.

89. The meanest cur am I ; I know not how to do the
 right ;
 'Twere but what I deserve, should'st Thou my
 wickedness requite
 With the dread fate of those who never saw Thy
 flowery feet ;
 For though mine eyes have seen, my ears have
 heard saints guileless, meet,
 Who reached Thy fragrant presence, yet I stay, for
 false am I,
 Fit for naught save to eat and dress, Lion of victory.

-
90. None but myself has sunk myself. Thy name be
 ever praised !
 No blame lay I on Thee, lauds to my Master be
 upraised !
 Yet to forgive is aye a mark of greatness. Praise
 to Thee !
 Lord of the land celestial, Praise ! O end this life
 for me.

96 HYMNS OF TAMIL SAIVITE SAINTS

- 91 மானேர் கோக்கி யுடையாள் பங்கா மறையீ றறியா
மறையோனே,
தேனே யமுதே சிந்தைக் கரியாய் சிதியென் பிழை
பொறுக்கும்
கோனே சிற்றே கொடுமை பறைந்தேன் சிவமா
நகர் குறுகப்
பொனா ரடியார் யானும் பொய்யும் புறமே போந்
தோமே.
- 92 யானே பொய்யென் னெஞ்சும் பொய்யென்
னன்பும்பொய்
ஆனால் வினையே னமுதா லுன்னைப் பெறலாமே
தேனே யமுதே கரும்பின் ரெளியே தித்திக்கு
மானே யருளா யடியே னுனைவந் துறுமாறே.
- 93 விச்ச தின்றியே வினைவு செய்குவாய்
விண்ணு மண்ணக முழுதும் யாவையும்
வைச்ச வாக்ருவாய் வஞ்ச கப்பெரும்
புலைய னேனையுன் கோயில் வாயினிற்
பிச்ச னுக்கினுப் பெரிய வன்பருக்
குரிய னுக்கினுப் தாம்வ ளர்த்ததேதார்
நச்ச மாமா மாயி னுங்கொலார்
நானு மங்கனே யுடைய நாதனே.

91. The fawn-eyed maid is part of Thee! From
 holy writ Thou'rt hid!
 Thou'rt honey, yea ambrosia, by man's mind not
 compassèd.
 O king who bearest with my faults, some harsh
 words did I say.
 Thy saints have entered heaven. Without, false-
 hood and I still stay.
92. Since I am false, and false my heart, and false my
 very love,
 Howe'er I weep, still held by deeds, can I reach
 Thee above?
 O honey, nectar, O essential sweetness, great as
 sweet,
 Grant grace to me to find the path that leads unto
 Thy feet.
93. Heav'n, earth, and all that therein is, thou makest
 without seed.
 Thou dost preserve and Thou destroy. 'Tis Thou
 who hast decreed
 That I though treacherous, mean, should be a man
 who frenzied fainst
 Before Thy temple gates, one with the band of
 Thy true saints.
 What men themselves have planted, e'en a poison-
 ous mango tree,
 They root not up. O Lord of mine, as such a tree
 keep me.

Our next five stanzas, taken from a hymn of fifty, are full of the pathos expressed in the title, which is a refrain recurring in every verse. Only flashes of the light of the presence of God pierce the prevailing gloom. The saint cannot free himself from sensuality,

94 கடைபவனேனைக்கருணையினற்கலந்தாண்டு
 ிகாண்ட
 விடையவனேவிட்டிடுதிகண்டாய்விறல்வேங்கை
 யின்தே
 லுடையவனேமன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்கரசே
 சடைபவனேதளர்ந்தேனெம்பிரா நென்னைத்தாங்
 கிக்கொள்ளே.

95 காருறுகண்ணியரைம்புலனாற்றங்கரைமாமாய்
 வேருறுவேனைவிடுதிகண்டாய்விளங்குந்திருவா
 ருருறைவாய்மன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்கரசே
 வாகுறுபூண்முலையான்பங்கவென்னைவளர்ப்பவனே

96 மறுத்தனன்யானுன்னருளநியாமையிலென்ம
 ணியே
 வெறுத்தெனைநீவிட்டிடுதிகண்டாய்வினையின்றொ
 குதி
 பொறுத்தெனையாண்டுகொளுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்
 கரசே
 பொறுப்பான்றேபெரியோர்சிறுநாய்கடம்பொய்
 யினையே.

even while he hates it. He wonders whether even the God who drank poison for others' sake will leave him alone.

WILT THOU LEAVE ME?

94. Mingling in grace with me, O rider of the bull,
 Thou mad'st me Thine.
 But wilt Thou leave me? Thou whose form in
 the fierce tiger's skin is clad,
 Uttarakōsamaṅgai old has Thee for king. O lord
 of mine
 With matted hair, hold Thou me up; for I am
 weary grown and sad.
95. Set in the marge of flowing stream that eats its
 banks away, the tree
 Shakes to its fall; and thus am I, my sense
 bewitch'd by maids' dark eyes.
 Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, spouse of gem-vested
 Pārvati,
 Who dwell'st in Ārūr holy, O protector, for my
 help arise.
96. In ignorance I spurned thy grace. Dost Thou,
 my gem, now me despise,
 And wilt thou leave me? O destroy my sum of
 deeds and make me thine.
 Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, 'tis surely true, the
 great and wise,
 When only little curs play false, to mercy ever
 will incline.

100 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

- 97 என்னை யப்பாவஞ்சுவென்பவரின் திரிநின்றெய்தத் த
லைந்தேன்
மின்னையொப்பாப் பிட்டு திகண்டாயுவமிக்கின்
மெய்யே
யுன்னையொப்பாய் மன்னுமுத்தரகோசமங்கைக்
கரசே
யன்னையொப்பாயெனக்கத்தொப்பாயென்னரும்
பொருளே.
- 98 ஏகினும்பா னுன்னையேத்தினுமென்பிழைக்கேரு
ழைந்து
வேசறுவேனை விடுதிகண்டாய்செம்பவன வெற்பிற்
நேசடையாயென்னையாளுடையாய்சிற்றுயிர்க்கி
ரங்கிக்
காப்சினவாலமுண்டாயமுதுண்ணக்கடையவனே.



97. With none to cheer me from my fear, far have I
wandered wearily,
O Lightning-like, and wilt Thou leave me? If I
truly thee compare,
Uttarakōsamaṅgai's king, I find naught else resem-
bling Thee;
But a true father, mother dear art Thou to me,
my treasure rare.

98. Whether I praise or curse Thee, still I'm stained
with sin and sorrowing.
Yet, wilt Thou leave me? Splendour shining
like the red-hued coral mount,
Master, thou drankest poison black, the humbler
beings pitying,
That I, Thy meanest one, might find no poison,
but a nectar fount.

Our poet made songs which maidens might sing in their rhythmical games, or as they sat at the grinding-stone. In India the boatman sings as he rows, the ryot sings as he draws from the well, the sepoy sings on his march. A feature of such songs is the refrain, which is usually a mere collection of euphonic syllables, though it may have a meaning. Here are specimens of a few songs intended for women. The refrain of the first, "Ēlōrembāvāy" probably means "Receive and ponder what I say, O lady." The Grinding song, strangely enough, is used at funerals, as also is the 'Antiphony.' The song of 'The Three Castles' Destruction' is supposed to accompany play with a ball or a kind of shuttle called 'undī.' For the legend of the Three Castles, see page 7. 'The Shoulder-Play' is for some ancient game in which women grasped each other's shoulders.

- 99 முன்னிப்பழம்பொருட்குமுன்னிப்பழம்பொருளே
 சின்னைப்புதுமைக்கும்பேர்த்துமப்பெற்றியனே
 யுன்னிப்பிரானாகப்பெற்றவுன்சிரடியோ
 முன்னடியார்தாள்பணியோமாங்கவர்க்கேபாங்காவோம்
 ஆன்னவரையெங்கணவராவாரவருகந்து
 சொன்னபரிசேதொழும்பாய்ப்பணிசெய்வோம்
 இன்னவகையே யெமக்கெக்கோனல்குதியேல்
 என்னருறையுமிலோமேலோரெம்பாவாய்.
- 100 உங்கையிற்சின்னையுனக்கேயடைக்கலமென்ற
 றக்கப்பழஞ்சொற்புதுக்குமெம்மச்சத்தா
 லெங்கன்பெருமானுனக்கொன்றுரைப்போங்கே
 ளெங்கொங்கையின்னன்பரல்லார்தோள்சேரற்க
 வெங்கையுனக்கல்லாதெப்பணியுஞ்செய்யற்க
 கங்குல்பகலெங்கண்மற்றென்றுங்காணற்க
 சிங்கிப்பரிசேயெமக்கெக்கோனல்குதியே
 லெக்கெழிலென்னொவிடுமத்தேலோரெம்பா
 வாய்.
- 101 வேதமும்வேள்வியுமாயினூர்க்கு
 மெய்மமையும்பொய்மையுமாயினூர்க்குச்
 சோதியுமாயினூர்க்குத்
 துன்பமுமாயின்பமாயினூர்க்குப்
 பாதியுமாயமுற்றுமாயினூர்க்குப்
 பந்தமுமாய்விடுமாயினூர்க்கு
 காதியுமந்தமுமாயினூர்க்கு
 காடப்பொற்சண்ணியிடித்துநாமே,

SONG OF THE MAIDENS

99. Older are Thou than the oldest of all,
 Newest of all that is new.
 At Thy saints' feet we in service will fall,
 We are Thy handmaidens true.
 None but Thy bondsmen shall call us their own ;
 Lord, we would none others wed ;
 We would be slaves at their bidding alone :
 So be our bliss perfected.
- Ēlōrembāvāy.

100. "Sure for Thy child there is refuge with Thee,"
 Trembling we take up the cry.
 Hear, O our Lord, while we bring Thee one plea,
 Grant but one boon for our joy.
 May only Thy lovers rest on our breast,
 Let our hands' labour be theirs.
 Only on such our eyes night and day rest,
 Then sun rise west, east, who cares ?
- Ēlōrembāvāy.

THE GRINDING SONG

101. Grind we the powder gold, that He may bathe ;
 For He is Scripture, He is sacrifice ;
 He's being's truth, and being's falsehood too ;
 Light is He, yea, and He is darkness deep ;
 He is deep sorrow, and true bliss is He ;
 He is the half, and He again the whole ;
 Bondage is He, but He is true release ;
 He is the alpha, He the omega.

- 102 பூசுவதும்வெண்ணீ துபூண்பதுவும்பொக்கரவம்
 பேசுவதும் திருவாயான மறைபொ லுங்கரணேம
 பூசுவதும்பேசுவதும்பூண்பதுவுங்கொண்டெண்ணீ
 வீசனவனெவ்வுயிர்க்குமியல்பானுன்சாழலோ.
- 103 என்னப்பனெம்பிரானெவ்லர்க்குந்தானீசன்
 றுன்னம்பெய்கோவணமாக்கொள னுமதுவென்
 னேம
 மன்னுகலைதுன் னுபொருண்மறைநரன்சேவரன்ச
 ரடாத்
 தண்ணையேகோவணமாச்சாத் தினன்சாண்சாழலோ.
- 104 கோயில்கடுகாடுகொப்புளித்தேதானல்லடை
 தாயுமிலிதந்தையிலிதான் றனியன்சானேம
 தாயுமிலிதந்தையிலிதான் றனியனாயிடினுங்
 காயிலுலகனைத்துங்கற்பொடி காண்சாழலோ.
- 105 தானந்தமில்லான் றனையடைந்தநாயேனை
 யானந்தவெள்ளத்தழுத்துவித்தான்கானேம
 யானந்தவெள்ளத்தழுத்துவித்த திருவடிகள்
 வானுந்துதெவர்கட்கோர்வான்பொருள் காண்சா
 ழலோ.

ŚIVA'S MYSTERIES (An Antiphony)

102. "His form is smeared with ashes white; the
snake His strange adornment is;
The secret scriptures utters He: what kind of
god, my friend, is this?"
"Why talk of ash-smeared, holy speech, adornment
strange? This only know,
This god, of every living thing is the true
nature. Chājalō."
103. "My father and my master, He of all men Lord
supreme, is clad
With but a hanging loin-cloth stitched; pray
tell me, friend, is He not mad?"
"The Vedas four with meaning fraught, the
everlasting Śāstras, know
That these are but the threads whereof is wove
His loin-cloth. Chājalō."
104. "The burning-ground's His temple fine; the
tiger's skin His raiment is;
Father or mother hath He none; He's all alone;
my friend, see this."
"Though He no parents hath, no kin, yet should
His anger kindle, lo,
The whole wide world would straightway turn
to dust and ashes. Chājalō."
105. "Though I am but a cur, yet when I turned to
Him who hath no end,
Into a sea of bliss He made me sink o'erwhelmed;
see this, my friend."
"Those holy feet that sank thee in the sea of
bliss o'erwhelméd, know,
E'en to the very gods in heav'n they're richest
treasure. Chājalō."

- 106 வணைந்ததுவில்லுவினைந்ததுபூச
 லுனைந்தனமுப்புரமுந்தீபற
 வெருக்குடன்வெந்தவாறுந்தீபற.
- 107 ஈரம்புகண்டிலமேகம்பர் தங்கைவி
 லோரம்பேமுப்புரமுந்தீபற
 வென்றும்பெருமிகையுந்தீபற.
- 108 தச்சுவிடுத்தலுந்தாமடியிட்டலு
 மச்சமுறிந்ததென்றுந்தீபற
 வழிந்தனமுப்புரமுந்தீபற.
- 109 ஏழைத்தொழும்பினெனத்தணியோகாலமெல்
 லாம்
 பாழுக்கிறைத்தேன்பரம்பாணப்பணியாதே
 சூழிமுதற்சீந்தாதநன்மணிவந்தென்பிறவித்
 தாழைப்பறித்தவாதோனோக்கமடாமோ.

THE THREE CASTLES' DESTRUCTION

106. Bent was the bow, begun the fight,
The castles three were 'whelmèd quite, (Fly, undi)
Three castles blazing with one light. (Fly, undi)
107. One bolt in Śiva's hand saw we,
One single bolt for castles three, (Fly, undi)
And e'en that one scarce needed He. (Fly, undi)
108. Cleft lay the car at His foot's tread,
The axle was all shattered, (Fly, undi)
Three castles ruined lay and dead. (Fly, undi)

THE SHOULDER-PLAY

109. Poor slave was I, how long I poured out all my
days for naught,
To Him the all-supreme no homage rendering!
Yet see,
How He, the jewel from eternal ages incorrupt,
Has come and drawn the prison-bolt of births,
and set me free.

Play we Tōṅōkkam

In the poetry of all lands lovers have appealed to birds to be their messengers to the distant loved one. This is so common in Indian poetry as to have become a recognised convention. Here the saint sends his message of love and devotion, in one case by a humming bee, in the other by the Indian cuckoo, to Śiva who dwells in Tillaī, *i.e.* Chidambaram.

- 110 வன்னெஞ்சுக்கள்வன்மனவளியனென்னுதே
கன்னெஞ்சருக்கிக்கருணையினூலாண்டுகொ
ண்ட
வன்னந்தினைக்குமணிதில்லையம்பலவன்
பொன்னங்கழலுக்கேசென்றுதாய்கோத்
தும்பி.
- 111 நாயேனைத்தன்னடிதன்பாடுவித்தநாயகனைப்
பேயேனதுள்ளப்பிழைபொறுக்கும்பெருமை
பனைச்
சீயேதுயில்லாதென்செய்பணிகள் கொண்டரு
ளுந்
நாயானலீசற்கேசென்றுதாய்கோத்தும்பி.
- 112 நானுமென்சிர்தையுநாயகனுக்கெவ்விடத்தோர்
நானுந்தன்றையலுந்தாழ்சடையானுண்டில
னேல்
வானுந்திசைகளுமாகடலுமாயிரான்
நேனுந்துசேவடிக்கேசென்றுதாய்கோத்தும்பி.
- 113 பொய்யாயசெல்லத்தேபுக்கழுந்திகாடோறு
மெய்யாக்கருதிக்விடந்தேனையாட்கொண்ட
வையாவெனஞ்சூயிரேயம்பலவாவென்றவன்
றன்
செய்யார்மலாடிக்கேசென்றுதாய்கோத்தும்பி.

THE BEE'S MESSAGE

110. Hard-hearted thief, stiff-necked was I, but no such
name He called me ;
My stony heart He melted, and by mercy He
enthralled me.
The swans abound in Tillai's lovely hall of gold,
His dwelling.
Fly, king of bees, at His gold anklets hum, my
message telling.
111. Cur though I am, my lord has set me His great
glory singing ;
To me, the mad, His patient grace is aye forgive-
ness bringing ;
Scorning me not, He deigns to take the service
I can do Him.
Mother and Gōd. Go, king of bees, hum thou my
message to Him.
112. Far would my heart and mind have gone from
Him, but He compelled me,
The lord with tangled locks, and His fair spouse,
they saved and held me.
He is the sky, the mighty sea, east, west, north,
south, indwelling.
His feet with honey drop. There, king of bees,
my praise be telling.
113. In this world's treasure false immersed lay I, and
self-deceivèd,
Held it for treasure true, but for His own He me
receivèd.
My precious life itself is He, in Tillai's hall
abiding.
Go, king of bees, at His red lotus feet my words
confiding.

- 114 தேன்பழச்சோலைபயிலுஞ்சிறகுயிலேயிது
கேணி
வான்பழித்திம்மண்புகுந்துமனிதரையாட்கொ
ண்டவள்ள
லூன்பழித்துள்ளம்புகுந்தென் னுணர்வறுவாய
வொருத்தன்
மான்பழித்தாண்டமென்னைக்கிமணாளனைநீவ
ரக்கவாய்,



- 115 போற்றியென்வாழ்முதலாகியபொருளே
புலர்த்ததுபூங்கழற்கிணை துணைமலர்கொண்
டேத்திரின்றிருமுகத்தெமக்கருண்மலரு
மெழினகைகொண்டிரின்றிருவடிதொழுக்கோஞ்
சேற்றிதழ்க்கமலங்கண்மலருந்தன்வயங்குழ்
திருப்பெருந்துறைபுறையெபெருமானே
யேற்றுயர்கொடியுடையாயெணையுடையா
யெம்பெருமான்பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே,

THE CUCKOO'S ERRAND

114. Hear, little cuckoo in the honey'd orchard groves,
 Heav'n did He spurn; to save us men, to earth
 He came,
 Boundless in giving, recking naught of flesh of
 mine,
 Entered my mind, and there my very thought
 became.
 He, the alone, the spouse of her whose pure eye's
 ray
 Shames the gazelle in softness, call Him hither,
 pray.
-

One of the little childishnesses involved in idolatry is that every morning with solemn ceremony the idol must be wakened from his sleep, bathed, and dressed. Here is a song with which he is roused from slumber. But notice how successfully our author has filled his poem with the fresh morning feeling, and the sights and sounds of the sudden break of the Indian dawn.

THE IDOL'S AWAKENING

115. Hail to Thee, treasure rare,
 Source of all prosperity,
 Dawn has come, at Thy feet,
 Flowers themselves, fair flowers lay we.
 Praising Thee, we await
 Smiles that blossom fair and sweet
 In Thy face, as we fall
 Prone adoring at Thy feet.
- Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Perundurāi, where expand
 Lotus flowers, petalled white,
 In the cool moist pasture land,
 Thou whose flag is the bull,
 Thou the Lord of all my ways,
 Now O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

- 116 அருணளிந் திரன் நிசைய ன்னு கினனி ருன்போ
 யகன் றதுவுத யநின்மலர் த்திருமுகத்தின்
 கருணையின் ரூரியனெழுவெழநயனக்
 கடிமலர்மலரமற் றண்ணலங்கண்ணை
 திரணிரைய றுபதமுரல்வன விசையோர்
 திருப்பெருந் துறையுறையிவெருமானே
 யருணி த்தரவருமானந் தமலையே
 யலைகடலேபன்னியெழுந்தருளாயே,



- 117 கூவின பூங்குயில் கூவின கோழி
 குருகுணியம்பின வியம்பின சங்க
 மோவின தாரகையொளியொளியுதயத்
 தொருப்படுகின்ற துணி ருப்பொடுமக்குத்
 தேயநற்செநிகழந்ருளிணைகரட்டாய்
 திருப்பெருந் துறையுறையிவெருமானே
 யாவருமறிவரியாயெமக்கெளியா
 யெம்பெருமான் பன்னியெழுந்தருளாயே,

116. Now anigh Indra's East
 Draws the sun ; dark flies apace
 At the dawn ; and the sun
 Of the kindness in Thy face
 Riseth high'r, ever high'r,
 As like fair flowers opening,
 Eyes unclose from their sleep,
 Eyes of Thee our beauteous king.

Hear how now clouds of bees
 Humming bright fill all the air.
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Holy Perundurai fair,
 Thou wilt come to bestow
 Favours rich, Oh shew Thy face!
 Mountain-joy, ocean-bliss,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.



117. Cocks now crow to the morn,
 While the cuckoos loudly call ;
 Little birds sweetly sing,
 And the conch-shell sounds o'er all ;
 Light of stars fades away
 Into common light of day ;
 Dawn and sun come as one,
 Now to us, O God, display

In Thy love Thy twin feet,
 Gracious, decked with anklets rare.
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in holy Perundurai fair,
 Hard for all men to find,
 Yet to me Thou shewedst Thy face.
 Now O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.

- 118 இன்னிசைவினைபரியாழினரொருபா
 லிருக்கொடுதோத்திரமியம்பினரொருபாற்
 றன்னியதினைமலர்க்கையினரொருபாற்
 ரொழுக்கையாமுகையர் துவள்கையரொருபாற்
 சென்னியிலஞ்சலிகுப்பினரொருபாற்
 திருப்பெருந் துறையுறைநிலபெருமானே
 யென்னையுமாண்டுகொண்டிண்ணருள்புரியு
 மெம்பெருமான் பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே.



- 119 உடையானான் நன்கெருக்குமுடையானடுவுனி
 யிருத்தி
 யடியேனடுவுனிருநீருமிருப்பதானுலடியே னான்
 னடியார்கடுவுனிருக்குமருனைப்புரியாய்பொன்
 னம்பலத்தெம்
 முடியாமுதலெயென்கருத்துமுடியும்வண்ண
 முன்னின்றே.

118. On this side some men play
 Lutes and viṇas sweet of sound ;
 On that side some men chant
 Ancient Ṛik, their songs resound ;
 In their hands some have brought
 Wreaths of many blossoms wove ;
 Some bow down, some men weep,
 Some men sway, o'ercome by love ;

Clasping hands o'er their heads,
 Others stand with reverent air ;
 Śiva, Lord, dweller in
 Holy Perundurāi fair,
 Even me didst thou save ;
 Sweet to me have been Thy ways.
 Now, O Lord of us all,
 From Thy couch rise in Thy grace.



The rest of our specimens of the 'Holy Utterances' may be left to explain themselves without comment, save for a single line of title. Where two or more stanzas are given from a poem, the title here given is a translation from the Tamil.

ONLY WITH THEE AND THY SAINTS !

119. Our lady eye is in Thy heart,
 As Thou in hers ; and if ye both
 In mine do dwell, grant me a part
 Among your slaves, O ever First.
 Unending lord, in Tillai's hall who dost abide,
 Let this deep yearning of my soul be satisfied.

120 தந்தனுந் தன்னைக்கொண்டதென்றன்னைச்
 சங்கராவார்கொலோசனூர்
 ரந்தமொன்றில்லாவானந்தம்பெற்றே
 னியரநூரிபெற்றதொன்றென்பாற்
 சிந்தையேகோயில்கொண்டவெம்பெருமான்
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
 பெந்தையேயீசாவுடலிடக்கொண்டர்
 யானிதற்கிலனொர்கைம்மாறே,

121 வெஞ்சேலணியகண்ணூர் தம்பெருளிவலைபிலகப்
 பட்டு
 கைஞ்சேனாயேன் ஞானச்சுடரோநானோர் துணை கா
 ணேன்
 பஞ்சேரடியான் பாசுத்தொருவாபவளத்திரு
 வாயா
 லஞ்சேவென்னவாசைப்பட்டேன்கண்டாயம்
 மாணே,

122 பாரொடுவிண்ணாய்ப்பாரந்தவெம்பரனே
 பற்றுநான் மற்றிலைன்கண்டாய்
 சீரொடுபொளிவாய்சிவபுரத்தரசே
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறைசிவனே
 யாரொடுநோகேனார்க்கெடுத்தாரக்கே
 ணுண்டீயருளிணையானால்
 வார்கடலுலகிலவாழ்கிலைன்கண்டாய்
 வருகவென்றருள் புரியாயே,

WHAT CAN I GIVE THEE ?

120. Thou gav'st Thyself, Thou gained'st me ;
 Which did the better bargain drive ?
 Bliss found I in infinity ;
 But what didst Thou from me derive ?
 O Śiva, Perundurāi's God,
 My mind Thou tookest for Thy shrine :
 My very body's Thine abode :
 What can I give Thee, Lord, of mine ?
-

PASSION'S PAIN

121. Caught am I in passion's snare from women's
 liquid eyes ;
 Stabbed at heart, a cur. O wisdom's light,
 no aid I see.
 Only lord, whose lady's feet are softer than the
 down,
 How I long to hear Thy coral lips speak cheer
 to me.

LONGINGS FOR DEATH

122. Our lord supreme, both earth and heav'n indwelling,
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, bright beyond telling,
 Dweller in Perundurāi, look on me.
 Who'll hear my cry, who list to my complaining,
 If Thou Thy grace deny, who saved'st me ?
 I find in sea-girt earth no joy remaining.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.

123 பஞ்சின்மெல்லடியாள் பங்கரீயல்லாற்
 பந்துநான்மற்றிலென்கண்டாய்
 செஞ்சுவேயாண்டாய்சிவபூர்த்தரசே
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறையிவனே
 யஞ்சினேனாயேனாண்டீயளித்த
 வருளினைமருளிணன்மறந்த
 வஞ்சனேனிக்ருவாழ்கிலென்கண்டாய்
 வருகவென்றருள் புரியாயே.

124 பழுதினொல்புகழான் பங்கரீயல்லாற்
 பந்துநான் மற்றிலென்கண்டாய்
 செழுமதியணிர்தாய்சிவபூர்த்தரசே
 திருப்பெருந்துறையுறையிவனே
 தொழுவேனா சிறரைத்துதிப்பினேவெனக்கோர
 துணையென நினைவனே சொல்லாய்
 மழலிடையானே வாழ்கிலென்கண்டாய்
 வருகவென்றருள் புரியாயே.

125 கிணக்கிலாதபெருந்துறைப்பெரு
 மாணுன்னுமக்கள்பேசுவார்க்
 கிணக்கிலாததேதாரின்பமேவருந்
 தன்பமேதுடைத்தெம்பிரா
 னுணக்கிலாததேதாரித்துமெல்லினை
 யாமலென்னிளையொத்தபின்
 கணக்கிலாத்திருக்கோலீவந்து
 காட்டினாயகழுக்குன்றிலே.

123. In Thee she dwells whose feet than down are softer ;
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, my gracious master,
 Dweller in Perundurāi, look on me.
 Fear holds me ; for, in dark confusion godless,
 I did forget the grace that savèd me.
 Dog and deceitful am I. Life is joyless.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.
124. In Thee she dwells whose ancient praise is faultless ;
 See how I have no other help but Thee.
 Thou king of Śiva's world, the bright moon
 wearing,
 Dweller in Perundurāi, look on me.
 Whom save Thee could I worship with my
 praises ?
 Can any other refuge give for me ?
 O Rider of the bull, my life is joyless.
 Now let Thy grace speak, bid me come to Thee.

THE BALANCING OF DEEDS

125. O lord of Perundurāi, place of peace,
 To them who call Thy name, beyond compare
 True joy art Thou. Thou mad'st my woe to
 cease
 When good and ill deeds done were balanced fair.
 Then lest unwith'ring seeds of birth should
 grow,
 In Kaḷukunḍu Thy fair self didst shew.

- 126 எண்காணென்பதறியேன்பகலிரவாவதுமறியேன்
 மனவாசகங்கடந்தானெணைமத்தோன்மத்தனாக்
 கிச்
 சினமால்விடையுடையான்மன்னுதிருப்பெருந்து
 றையுறையும்
 பனவனெணைச்செய்தபடி.றறியேன்பாஞ்சுடரே.
- 127 வேண்டேன்புகழ்வேண்டேன்செவ்வம்வேண்டே
 ன்மன்னும்விண்ணும்
 வேண்டேன்சிறப்பிறப்புச்சிவம்வேண்டார் தமை
 நாணர்
 தீண்டேன்சென்றுசெர்ந்தேன்மன்னு திருப்பெ
 ருந்துறைசிறைதான்
 பூண்டேன்புறம்போகேனிணிப்புறம்போகலொட்
 டேனே.
- 128 கோற்றேனெனக்கென்கோருரைகடல்வாயமு
 தென்கோ
 வாற்றேனென்களரனையருமருந்தேயெனதரசே
 சேற்றூர்வயல்புடைசூழ்தருதிருப்பெருந்துறை
 யுறையு
 நீற்றூர்தருதிருமேனிநின்மலனேயுணையானே.
- 129 வான்பாபியவுளகத்தவர்தயமேசெயவவமே
 பூன்பாபியவுடலைச்சுமந்தடவிமரமானேன்
 நேன்பாய்மலர்க்கொன்றைமன்னுதிருப்பெருந்
 துறையுறையாய்
 கான்பாபியனானுணைநல்காயெனலாமே.

LIFE'S CONSUMING

126. Myself I cannot understand, nor what is day nor
 night ;
 He who both word and thought transcends has
 reft my senses quite,
 He who for bull has Viṣṇu, and in Perundurai
 dwells,
 O Light supreme, in Brāhman guise has cast on
 me strange spells.
127. I ask not fame, wealth, earth or heav'n. No
 birth, no death for me.
 None will I touch who love not Śiva. Now 'tis
 mine to see
 Abiding Perundurai, wear the King's foot as my
 crown ;
 Never will I leave this His shrine, nor let Him
 leave His own.
128. Art Thou like honey on the branch too high for
 me to climb ?
 Or art Thou nectar ocean-churned ? O Hara,
 King sublime,
 In Perundurai, circled with moist fields, I can see
 Thee
 With form ash-smear'd, the spotless. Can I bear
 my ecstasy ?
129. Many in this great earth who live do penance ; I
 alone
 Bearing this frame of flesh, a barren jungle-tree
 have grown.
 Dweller in Perundurai old where blooms the
 kondai tree,
 May I the sinner cry " Wilt Thou not grant
 Thyself to me " ?

130 புற்றில்வானரவுமஞ்சேன் பொய்யர் தம்மெய்யு
மஞ்சேன்
கற்றைவார்சடையெம்மண்ணல்கண் ணுதல்பா
தண்ணி
மற்றுமொர்தெய்வந்தன்னை யுண்டெனநினைந்
தெம்பெம்மாந்
கற்றிலாதவரைக்கண்டாலம்மநாமஞ்சுமாரே.

131 வன்புலால்வேறுமஞ்சேன் வளைக்கையார்கடைக்
கணஞ்சே
னென்பெலாமுருகநோக்கியம்பலத்தாடுகின்ற
வென்பொலாமணியையேத்தியினிதருள்பருக
மாட்டா
வன்பிலாதவரைக்கண்டாலம்மநாமஞ்சுமாரே.

132 உம்பர்கட்கரசேயொழிவறநிறைந்த
யோகமேயூற்றையேன்றனக்கு
வம்பெனப்பழுத்தென்குடிமுழுதாண்டு
வாழ்வறவாழ்வித்தமருந்தே
செம்பொருட்டுணிவேசீருடைக்கழலே
செவ்வமேசிவபெருமானே
யெம்பொருட்டுன்னைச்சிக்கெனப்பிடித்தே
னெங்கெழுந்தருளுவதெனியே.

PIOUS FEAR

130. I fear not serpents lurking smooth ;
 I fear no liars' feignèd truth ;
 But when I see fools venturing
 E'en to the foot of Him our king,
 Our three-eyed Lord with matted hair,
 Of His great godhead unaware,
 Fools thinking other gods can be,
 Terror such sight inspires in me.

131. I fear no javelin's gory blade ;
 Nor sidelong glance of bangled maid ;
 But when I see men void of grace
 Drinking no sweetness from the praise
 Of my unchiselled Gem, whose dance
 In Tillai's hall is seen, whose glance
 Melts men's whole frame in ecstasy,
 Terror such sight inspires in me.

I CLING TO THEE

132. King of the heavenly ones ! All-filling Excellence !
 E'en to vile me Thou Thy wonders hast shown ;
 Balm of true bliss, ending false earthly bliss of
 sense,
 Thou my whole household did'st take for Thine
 own.
 Meaning of holy writ ! Wondrous Thy glory !
 True wealth, our Śiva, to Thee, Lord, I cling.
 Never to loose my hold, firmly I cling to Thee ;
 Where canst Thou go, leaving me sorrowing ?

133 விடைவிடா துகர்தவிண்ணவர்கோவே
 வினைபனே னுடையமெய்ப்பொருளே
 முடைவிடாதடியேன்முத்தமண்ணாய்
 முழுப்புழுக்குரம்பைபிற்கிடந்து
 கடைபடாவண்ணங்கரத்தெனையாண்ட
 கடவுளே கருணைமாகடலே
 விடைவிடா துன்னைச் சித்தெனப்பிடித்தே
 எனக்கெழுந்தருளுவதினியே.

134 புன்புலால்யாக்கைபுரைபுரைகளியப்
 பொன்னெடுக்கோபிலாப்புருந்தென்
 வென்பெலாமுருக்கியெளியையாபாண்ட
 விசனேமாசிலாமணியே
 துன்பமேபிறப்பேபிறப்பொடுமயக்கார
 தொடக்கெலாமறுத்தநற்சோதி
 விற்பமேயுன்னைச்சித்தெனப்பிடித்தே
 எனக்கெழுந்தருளுவதினியே.

135 உற்றாரையான்வேண்டே னூர்வேண்டேன்பேர்
 வேண்டேன்
 கற்றாரையான்வேண்டேன் கற்பனவுமினிபமை
 யுந்
 குற்றலத்தமர்ந் துறையுங்குத்தரவுந் குரைக
 முற்கே
 கற்றுவின்மனம்போலக்கசிந்துருகவேண்டுவனே.

133. King of celestial ones, ever with bull for steed,
 Evil am I, yet my riches art Thou ;
 Lest I should rot in my foul flesh, and die indeed,
 Thou hast preserved me, and Thine am I now.
 Thou art our God ; Thou of grace art a boundless
 sea,
 Saved from my flesh, now to Thee, Lord, I cling.
 Never to let Thee loose, firmly I cling to Thee ;
 Where can'st Thou go, leaving me sorrowing ?
134. Thou did'st come into my vile fleshly body,
 E'en as 'twere into some great golden shrine ;
 Soft'ning and melting it all, Thou hast savèd me,
 Lord condescending, Thou gem all divine !
 Sorrow and birth, death, all ties that deceivèd me,
 Thou did'st remove, all my bonds severing ;
 True bliss, our kindly Light, firmly I cling to
 Thee ;
 Where canst Thou go leaving me sorrowing ?

NAUGHT BUT THY LOVE

135. I ask not kin, nor name, nor place,
 Nor learnèd men's society.
 Men's lore for me no value has ;
 Kuttālam's lord, I come to Thee.
 Wilt thou one boon on me bestow,
 A heart to melt in longing sweet,
 As years o'er new-born calf the cow,
 In yearning for Thy sacred feet ?

136 சீலமின் நிகோன்பின் நிச்செறிவேயின் நியநின்
 நித்
 தோலின்பாவைக்கத்தாட்டாய்ச்சமுன் றுவிமுந்
 துடிடப்பேனை
 மா லுங்காட்டிவழிகாட்டிவாராவுலகநெறியேறக்
 கோலங்காட்டியாண்டாணைக்கொடியெனென்றே
 கூடுவதே.

137 முத்தினெறியநியாதமுர்க்கொடுமுயல்வேனைப்
 பத்தினெறியநிதித்துப்பமுனைகள் பா றும்வண்
 ணை
 சித்தமலமுறித்துச்சிவமரக்கியெனையாண்ட
 வத்தெனெனக்கருளியவாரூர்பெறுவரச்சேரவே.

138 நெறியல்லானெறிதன்னைநெறியாகினைவேனைச்
 சிறுநெறிகள்சேராமேறுருவருளேசேகும்வண்ணக்
 குறியொன் றுமில்லாதகூத்தன் றன் கூத்தையெ
 னக்
 கறியும்வண்ணமருளியவாரூர்பெறுவரச்சேரவே.

LONGING FOR UNION

136. I had no virtue, penance, knowledge, self-control.
 A doll to turn
 At others' will I danced, whirled, fell. But me
 He filled in every limb
 With love's mad longing, and that I might climb
 there whence is no return,
 He shewed His beauty, made me His. Ah me,
 when shall I go to Him ?

THE WONDER OF GRACE

137. Fool's friend was I, none such may know
 The way of freedom ; yet to me
 He shew'd the path of love, that so
 Fruit of past deeds might ended be.
 Cleansing my mind so foul, He made me like
 a god.
 Ah who could win that which the Father hath
 bestowed ?
138. Thinking it right, sin's path I trod ;
 But, so that I such paths might leave,
 And find His grace, the dancing God,
 Who far beyond our thought doth live,
 O wonder passing great!—to me His dancing
 shewed.
 Ah who could win that which the Father hath
 bestowed ?

APPENDIX I

SHRINES MENTIONED IN THESE POEMS

- Ādaturai, or Āvadaturai, in Tanjore District, now a station on the South Indian Railway.
- Aiyaru, twelve miles from Tanjore.
- Ālavāy, or Uttarakōsimangai, Madura.
- Anṇāmalai, or Tiruvannāmalai, in South Arcot District.
- Ārūr, Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.
- Ashihai Virattāṅgam, South Arcot District.
- Bramāpuram, Shiyali, Tanjore District.
- Chenkāttankuḍi
- Chidambaram, or Tillai, or Perampattapuliūr, in S. Arcot District, the most venerated place of Śaivism.
- Chōja, one of the three great kingdoms into which the ancient Tamil country was divided.
- Comorin, extreme southern point of India, still a great place of pilgrimage.
- Dharmapuram, near Tranquebar, Tanjore District.
- Kāvīrī, or Cauvery, the most sacred river in South India.
- Kachchi Ehambam, or Kānchipuram, the modern Conjeeveram, in North Arcot District.
- Kedila
- Kēthram
- Koḍumuḍi, near Erode, Coimbatore District.
- Kōjilī, near the modern Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.
- Kongu
- Kandaiyūr, near Tiruvallur, Tanjore District.
- Kuttālam, Tanjore District.
- Maḷapādi, South Arcot District, near Trichinopoly.
- Maṇakkādu, the modern Vetharaniam, Tanjore District. Curiously enough, the modern name is the Sanskrit translation of the Tamil, meaning 'Forest of the Vedas,' i.e., lonely place where Vedas are studied.
- Maruhal, on the Cauvery River, Tanjore District.
- Neyttānam, on the Cauvery River, Tanjore District.
- Oṇiyūr, better known as Tiruvottiyūr, a few miles north of Madras, now practically a suburb.
- Paḷanam, Tanjore District.
- Perumpattapuliūr, see Chidambaram.
- Perundurai, Āvudaiyārkoil, Tanjore District.
- Pahalūr
- Pungūr, seven miles from Shiyali, Tanjore District.
- Pūnturutti
- Puvanam, twelve miles from Madura.
- Tillai, see Chidambaram.
- Tirupattūr, Ramnad District, near Pudukottah.
- Tiruvannāmalai, see Anṇāmalai.
- Tiru Neyttānam, see Neyttānam.
- Tūṅgānaimādam
- Uttarakōsamangai, Ramnad District.
- Valivalam, on the Cauvery, Tanjore District.
- Venneynallūr, South Arcot District.

N.B.—"Tiru" is an epithet meaning "Holy," but where it has become practically part of the place-name, that name is given in this list as if it began with T.

APPENDIX II

SYSTEM OF TRANSLITERATION AND PRONUNCIATION OF TAMIL LETTERS

Tamil	Sanskrit	English	Pronunciation (approximate)
அ	अ	a	u in punch
ஆ	आ	ā	ā in rather
இ	इ	i	i in sit
ஈ	ई	ī	ī in clique
உ	उ	u	u in full
ஊ	ऊ	ū	ū in rule
எ	ए	e	e in fed
ஏ	ऐ	ē	a in fable
ஐ	आइ	ai	ai in aisle, but much shorter
ஓ	ओ	o	o in mobility
ஔ	आओ	ō	ō in noble
ஔ	आउ	au	ow in cow

CONSONANTS

N.B.—The Tamil alphabet is not fully phonetic as are the Sanskrit and the other Dravidian alphabets. Several letters indicate different sounds in different connections.

Letter	1. When mute 2. In the beginning of a word 3. After a hard consonant	After a soft consonant	In other places	Remarks
க	k (क)	g (ग)	h (ह)	Guttural. This is pronounced as a palatal sibilant. Cerebral, far back in the palate. Dental purer than English dentals. Labial. Hard palatal r, peculiar to Tamil as pronounced after a soft consonant.
ச	ch (च)	j (ज)	s (स)	
த	t (ट)	d (द)	d	
த	t (त)	d (द)	th	
ப	p (प)	b (ब)	p	
ர	r (र)	d (द)	r	

130 HYMNS OF TAMIL ŚAIVITE SAINTS

Tamil	Sanskrit	Transliteration	Pronunciation (approximate)	Remarks
ங்	ङ	ṅ (before g)	n in singing	guttural n
ஞ்	ञ	ñ	n in ginger	palatal n
ண்	ण	ṇ	n stopped as far back as possible	cerebral n
ந் & ண்	न	n	as in English	
ம்	म	m	as in English	
ய்	य	y	as in English	
ர்	र	r	as in English (when soft)	
ல்	ल	l	as in English	
வ்	व	v	as in English, but not so firm	
ழ்	—	l	r pronounced with the tongue as far back in the throat as possible.	Peculiar to Tamil
ள்	ळ	l	l pronounced by the palate	palatal l

Sanskrit words, unless they have become modified by long Tamil usage, as, for example, in the author's name Māṅikka Vāṣaḥar, are transliterated according to Sanskrit pronunciation, on the system used in other books in this series, the Sanskrit alphabet being represented as follows :—

k	kh	g	gh	ṅ
ch	chh	j	jh	ñ
ṭ	ṭh	ḍ	ḍh	ṇ
t	th	d	dh	n
p	ph	b	bh	m
y	r	l	v	
ś	sh	s	h	
ṛi	ṛi	ḥ		

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